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CHILD'S PLAY 3

by

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#00564

CHILD'S PLAY 3

FADE IN

1 EXT. DOLL ASSEMBLY FACTORY - DAY 1

CAMERA creeps slowly along a CHAIN-LINK FENCE, so close that we can touch it as it RATTLES in the WIND. Whatever lies beyond the fence remains fuzzy in the background. Shrivelled autumn leaves tumble about, as CAMERA MOVES along, passing a faded, peeling "NO TRESPASSING" sign.

Then a sneakered FOOT suddenly plants itself in one of the spaces between the chain-links.

The foot belongs to PAM, a chunky thirteen-year-old. She climbs up the fence, leading her reluctant eight-year-old brother, JOEY.

JOEY
I don't think we should do this.

PAM
You are so predictable! Quit your whining and hurry up.

As they climb up and over the fence, jumping down to the forbidden ground on the other side, the background comes into focus: it's the DOLL ASSEMBLY FACTORY, now grungy and dilapidated from years of neglect, an ancient, looming monument to a fad long since dead.

2 ANGLE 2

Etched against an ominous dark sky, portending a coming storm, the abandoned factory has acquired the creepy grandeur of a haunted castle. Atop the "PLAY PALS TOYS" sign, the giant mechanical Good Guy is a rusty relic of his former self; his hand, buffetted by the WIND, creaks back and forth.

3 PAM 3

Pam, excited, runs toward the factory. Joey lags behind. A GOD'S-EYE-VIEW from the factory's battlements, looking straight down at the kids as they scurry toward the building, renders them insignificant specks, dwarfed by the towering edifice.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED 3

Pam's voice is carried aloft to us on the WIND:

PAM (CONT'D)
(calling to Joey)
Come on!

4 EXT. FACTORY - WITH THE KIDS 4

as they approach a massive door, chained and padlocked. Pam yanks on the door, to no avail. Then, noticing an adjacent window, she picks up a rock and winds up...

JOEY
(panicked)
What are you doing?

Pam lets the rock fly: the window SHATTERS. Pam then reaches between the panes, flips a latch, and pulls the window open. She gestures for Joey to head inside, daring him.

PAM
After you.

His pride at stake, Joey takes a deep breath and does as he's told: he climbs through the open window, Pam right behind him...

5 INT. DOLL ASSEMBLY FACTORY - DAY 5

...Joey squeezes in through the window and tumbles to the floor. Pam follows, stepping down easily...just barely missing direct contact with a filthy RAT, which darts away squealing, splashing through a brackish puddle. Joey gasps.

Once inside, Pam gazes at something that fills her with awe.

PAM
Incredible.

Getting to his feet, Joey looks at whatever has commanded Pam's attention. He, too, is amazed by what he sees...

...The kids are standing on a PLATFORM fifty feet in the dust-clogged air, overlooking the mammoth factory interior. Spread out below them like some ancient funhouse, the dormant machines and conveyor belts are now draped with cobwebs, their once vibrant colors faded. Skylights beam shafts of fiery whiteness through the dusty iridescence.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED 5

PAM (CONT'D)
It's been abandoned for the past eight years. Hard to imagine this place used to churn out five thousand Good Guys a day.

JOEY
What's a Good Guy?

Pam smiles in sadistic anticipation.

PAM
Come on. I'll show you.

A SLIDE, once used to carry dolls along the assembly line, spirals from the platform down to the floor far below. Pam hops on and sliiiides out of sight. Joey gulps. He doesn't want to go, but he doesn't want to be left alone, either. He sliiiides on down, spiralling through the dusty air...

6 ON THE FACTORY FLOOR 6

...Joey comes sliding down, joining Pam at the bottom. Pam is SINGING, her teasing voice ECHOING througout the factory:

PAM
(singing)
"...a Good Guy'll always be there for you...best friends till the end..."

She leads him wandering among the machines, past the conveyor belts lined with half-built dolls. Shrouded in cobwebs, eyeless and bald, they're like mummies; they seem to be standing guard, like sentries in a fairy tale kingdom frozen in time. Joey stares at the dolls, fascinated and afraid.

PAM (CONT'D)
When I was your age, these stupid things were hotter than turtles and bats combined. That is, until Chucky came along.

JOEY
Chucky?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED 6

PAM
His real name was Charles Lee Ray. "The Lakeshore Strangler," they called him. He murdered a dozen people, 'till they gunned him down in a toy store.

JOEY
(relieved)
They got him.

PAM
Nnnnnnot exactly. They got his body, but they missed his soul. He hid it where no one would ever look--inside the body of a Good Guy doll.

Joey stares directly at one particular doll:

7 INSERT - A SPIDER 7

emerges from the darkness of an eye socket and creeps on eight spindly legs across the freckly Good Guy face.

8 JOEY 8

gasps. He hurries on.

PAM (CONT'D)
So Chucky killed a whole slew of people. And then he went after this kid named Andy.

JOEY
He killed a kid?

PAM
Oh, he didn't want to kill him.
(with relish)
He wanted to take over his soul.

JOEY
(shudders)
Why?

PAM
Chucky needed Andy, 'cause he was the first person he revealed his true self to.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED 8

JOEY
(as if hypnotized)
Charles Lee Ray.

PAM
Chucky bought it right here in this factory. But he took a few innocent bystanders with him.

They've come upon the faded--but still visible--OUTLINE of the murdered Technician's body on the floor. Joey stares at it, eyes wide with terror. Pam smiles sadistically.

PAM (CONT'D)
You know, they say Chucky's soul is still lurking around here somewhere.

JOEY
I want to go home now.

Determined to get the hell out, Joey turns, bolting away...and runs right smack into a conveyor belt. He falls flat across the conveyor...

JOEY
Oooph!

...and when he looks up, he finds himself face-to-face with A BALD, EYELESS GOOD GUY HEAD, still partially shielded within a MOLDING MECHANISM, and creepily covered with a translucent shroud of cobwebs.

Joey freaks at the sight. Screaming in terror, he scrambles off the conveyor.

JOEY
(pointing)
It's him! It's Chucky!

Pam steps over to the conveyor belt and peers inside the molding mechanism. Beneath the cobwebs, the face is utterly still.

PAM
Could be.

Leaning over the side of the conveyor, Pam reeeeaches into the molding mechanism...

JOEY
Don't touch him!

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED (2) 8

Reeeeaching for the head, Pam peels off the layer of cobwebs, laying bare the plastic face, with its innocuous Good Guy features. Joey frets nervously.

PAM
You wimp. It's nothing but a plain old--

And suddenly she starts SCREAMING in agony. She tries desperately to pull her hand free from the head, but to no avail.

PAM (CONT'D)
OH GOD HE'S GOT ME OH HELP ME OH GOD...!

Leaping to his sister's aid, Joey grabs her free arm and tugs frantically. It's no use. Chucky's got her, and he's never going to let her go. Joey starts crying hysterically, tears streaming down his cheeks. Pam goes on SCREAMING...

...until her screams give way to hysterical LAUGHTER. She effortlessly pulls her arm out of the molding mechanism. Convulsed with laughter, she points a taunting, accusing finger at her brother.

PAM (CONT'D)
You bought it! I can't believe it, you are such a little geek!

Angry and ashamed, his face puffy and red from crying, Joey runs off, his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING throughout the factory. Still giggling, Pam shakes her head in contempt for her brother. Then she turns to face the molding mechanism again. Inside the mechanism, a bug with a huge wingspan lights on the Good Guy head with a droning BUZZ.

9 INSERT 9

The bug creeps across the doll's face...and then it crawls inside his dark, cavernous MOUTH, disappearing from view.

10 PAM 10

Pam wrinkles her nose in disgust.

PAM
Ew.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED 10

She turns and walks away. She hasn't walked more than a few steps when she hears a distinct SPITTING sound behind her--"PTEW!"--coming from the molding mechanism. Pam freezes. Curious, she turns and walks back to the mechanism. She peers inside...

Lying on the conveyor belt in front of:

11 THE DOLL'S HEAD 11

is THE BUG, completely still, obviously dead, its wings now crushed.

As if they'd been chewed.

12 PAM 12

furrows her brow, puzzled--and curious. Then, she leans into the molding mechanism and brings her face right up NEXT TO the head, the better to study it. She's close enough to kiss the innocuous plastic features--the round, merry cheeks, the cute little pug nose...and that dark cavernous mouth. She peers intently at it, examining every inch...

...and then with shocking surprise

13 INSERT - THE MOUTH 13

SNAPS VIPEROUSLY at her!

14 ANGLE 14

Flinching, she jumps back, her head bashing painfully up against the mechanism's housing. She stumbles backward out of the mechanism, arms wheeling as she falls on her rump to the hard cement floor.

Crying hysterically now, Pam is absolutely terrified. Legs flailing, she leaps to her feet and sprints away in a mad, panicked dash, FOOTSTEPS echoing throughout the factory. The FOOTSTEPS DIMINISH gradually as the girl recedes from view, as she disappears among the dormant machines.

Then silence.

CLOSE ON THE GOOD GUY HEAD INSIDE THE MOLDING MECHANISM--as he smiles fiendishly, evidently in enjoyment of his little stunt.

It's CHUCKY.

15 INT. NEW FACTORY 15

Then, we hear a faraway VOICE breaking through the silence. And as CAMERA PULLS BACK, AWAY from Chucky's grinning face in the molding mechanism, the VOICE grows LOUDER, its commanding, authoritative quality more evident:

SULLIVAN (O.S.)
It's been a long eight years. But in that time, this company has never wavered from its commitment to bringing top-quality merchandise to the children of America.

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING AWAY from the molding mechanism, so that Chucky's head is NO LONGER VISIBLE. As the VOICE grows LOUDER and LOUDER, finally reaching AMPLIFIED proportions, CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal that the FACTORY is now completely REFURBISHED: the cobwebs and dust are gone; the conveyor belts are spic-and-span; the fun house colors sing vibrantly once again.

A seamless TRANSITION has occured. We are now...

16 INT. DOLL ASSEMBLY FACTORY (REFURBISHED) - DAY 16

...the CRANING CAMERA rises to reveal hundreds of festive

BALLOONS floating at the lofty ceiling. On the floor far below, dozens of corporate SUITS are assembled in bleachers, specially brought in for this important occasion. And behind a podium, addressing the crowd, is SULLIVAN, the distinguished CEO of Play Pals Toys:

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
It is the children, after all, to whom we are responsible. They are the final judge; their smile is the ultimate seal of approval. I am confident, ladies and gentleman, that the children are smiling today.

A smattering of APPLAUSE from the crowd. CLOSE ON SULLIVAN as he continues:

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
For today, we are here to usher in a whole new era of a Play Pals classic. The rebirth of a legend that is long overdue. Ladies and gentleman, let's have a round of applause...for the Good Guy.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED 16

Lusty APPLAUSE from the crowd. Sullivan turns and nods significantly to his toadying assistant, PETZOLD. Petzold, in turn, throws the POWER SWITCH on the wall.

And for the first time in eight years, the factory comes to life with a great mechanical HUM.

The conveyor belts start rolling. The giant tinker-toy machines start chugging away. And the fresh molten plastic in the giant vat starts boiling, like some noisome witch's brew.

17 CLOSE ON CHUCKY'S HEAD IN THE MOLDING MECHANISM 17

--he's sporting a twisted shit-eating grin as he emerges from the mechanism on the rolling conveyor, in a cloud of HISSING steam.

18 CHUCKY'S HEAD 18

embarks on its journey along the assembly line. It's like an E-ticket ride at Disneyland. The head rolls along, then drops down a CHUTE: it lands with a thunk atop a brand new TORSO.

Then:

19 THE TORSO 19

climbs up a ramp to the tower-like "X-MACHINE," rolling on inside, then disappearing from view as the doors slam shut. The machine's octopus arms flail about, grabbing new Good Guy limbs, then ingesting them. The doors open and Chucky emerges, now sporting arms and legs.

20 CLOSE ON SULLIVAN AT THE PODIUM 20

--as he watches the assembly from this vantage point, a satisfied smile on his face.

21 BACK TO CHUCKY 21

--as the HAIR-STAPLER chomps into his scalp, giving him the familiar red bowl-cut.

22 CHUCKY 22

then rolls on his back into the EYE-POKER. FLASH! The twin PRONGS stab at his sockets, and we take:

23 CHUCKY'S POV 23

--as the prongs recede. We can see!

24 INSERT 24

We roll along, gliding by the crowd of SUITS in the bleachers, who smile at us as we pass.

Then DARKNESS suddenly envelops us; we're in

25 A TUNNEL OF SOME SORT. 25

We hear a deafening mechanical ROAR all around us...

Then we EMERGE from the darkness to see:

26 THE CROWD 26

once again, who break into delighted APPLAUSE at our reappearance.

27 AN OBJECTIVE SHOT 27

reveals Chucky NOW DRESSED in spanking new Good Guy duds--rainbow shirt, blue overalls, red sneakers. His blue marble eyes sparkle with inanimate friendliness. HE IS COMPLETE.

28 CHUCKY 28

then drops down another CHUTE, landing with a thud inside a cardboard Good Guy BOX. A mechanized arm closes the box.

29 FROM BEHIND THE CLEAR CELLOPHANE WINDOW 29

Chucky looks out at the wildly APPLAUDING crowd with his innocuous Good Guy smile.

30 A SUIT 30

picks up the box containing Chucky. He approaches Sullivan at the podium.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED 30

SUIT
Mr. Sullivan, on behalf of the board of directors, I'd like to present you with this doll, the first new Good Guy of the nineties.

He hands the box to a graciously accepting Sullivan. The crowd APPLAUDS. REPORTERS snap photos in a flurry of popping flashbulbs.

31 EXT. DOLL ASSEMBLY FACTORY - DAY 31

PETZOLD, Sullivan's eager young assistant, comes striding out of the building, carrying Chucky in his box. Sullivan is right on his heels; Petzold is paving the way for his boss through a crowd of clamoring REPORTERS, waiting to ambush the big man.

FIRST REPORTER
Mr. Sullivan, have the company's lawsuits all been settled yet?

SECOND REPORTER
Do you expect any backlash stemming from the so-called "Good Guy" murders?

SULLIVAN
That's ancient history.

THIRD REPORTER
Is it true that the--

PETZOLD
No comment, gentlemen. No comment.

They reach an impressive stretch limo, parked at the curb. Petzold opens the limo door for his boss and Sullivan ducks inside. Petzold follows, lugging the cardboard box inside with him. He pulls the door shut. Entombed in the box, Chucky looks out at the world through the limo's window.

32 THE LIMO 32

whose vanity plates read "FUN 1," pulls away from the factory, whose exterior has been RESTORED to its original shiny, high-tech splendor.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED 3

As the limo speeds off into the SUNSET, CAMERA CRANES UP to a BRAND NEW "PLAY PALS TOYS" sign, sporting a GIAGANTIC NEW MECHANICAL GOOD GUY--twice the size of the old one. The Good Guy's waving hand is so huge, it metronomically blocks out the sun.

The new sign boasts in big block letters: "WE'RE BACK...AND BIGGER THAN EVER."

33 INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 3

Sullivan paces back and forth behind his enormous desk, compulsively diddling a "Good Guys" yo-yo while talking on the speaker phone. Behind him, an expansive window-wall affords a breathtaking view of nighttime Chicago.

SULLIVAN
(to speaker phone)
I've made up my mind on this. We're moving forward on schedule.

GARY (FILTERED)
Robert, I'm telling you, the toy isn't safe. We're talking about little kids here.

SULLIVAN
Don't think of them as kids. That's your problem. Think of them as "consumer trainees."

Sullivan's hi-tech executive office is right out of Architectural Digest, but for the myriad Play Pals toys that clog the room--Good Guy dolls, stuffed animals, battery-operated cars and trucks, and an elaborate train set.

Petzold, Sullivan's assistant, stands by waiting for his boss's attention, holding the Good Guy box containing Chucky. Impatient, he steals a glance at his watch. Sullivan paces on, talking to the speaker phone and trying to "walk the dog" with the yo-yo, but failing at each attempt; the yo-yo just sits there dangling at the end of the string. Sullivan grimaces at each failure.

GARY (FILTERED)
Listen, I wonder if--

SULLIVAN
Just do it, Gary.

GARY (FILTERED)
You're the boss.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED 33

SULLIVAN
I'm the boss.

Sullivan touches a button and hangs up. He puts the yo-yo on a table, then moves behind his desk and sits down before a computer terminal. Donning a pair of reading glasses, sipping a brandy, he peers at the screen and punches the keyboard.

Petzold approaches, consulting a computerized pocket calendar.

PETZOLD
You have breakfast at eight with the cereal people, breakfast at nine with your lawyer, lunch with your wife--

SULLIVAN
I thought we cancelled that.

PETZOLD
(punching buttons)
That's right. The board meeting's from two to five, the chiropractor's at five-thirty, and your hair treatment's at six.
(holds up the Good Guy box)
Where do you want this?

SULLIVAN
(barely looking up)
Just throw it anywhere.

Petzold leans the box up against the wall. Chucky stares out from behind the box's cellophane front with his generic Good Guy smile.

PETZOLD
(clearing his throat)
Well, if there's nothing else, I'm gonna get going.

SULLIVAN
(disapproving)
Fine.

PETZOLD
It's just that my wife is expecting me.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED (2) 33

SULLIVAN
That's fine, Petzold. But remember: there's always someone, somewhere, who's working just a few minutes later than you.

Sullivan lets this sink in. Petzold smiles nervously.

SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Think about it.

Petzold does. Then he picks a file up off Sullivan's desk.

PETZOLD
I guess I could review the Larrabee report after dinner.
(heads for the door)
Good night, Mr. Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
Good night.

Petzold exits, closing the door after him, leaving Sullivan alone with his work. As Sullivan turns his attention back to the computer...

...only WE see, behind him, the top of the Good Guy box start to open, pushed up by a grasping plastic hand...

Sullivan, oblivious, types away. Then, remembering something, he shoots to his feet.

SULLIVAN
Petzold, wait!

He hurries to the door and opens it.

SULLIVAN
Petzold, I forgot...

34 SULLIVAN'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT 34

SULLIVAN'S POV OF THE OUTER OFFICE--just as the ELEVATOR DOORS down the hall SLIDE SHUT. The place is silent, dark, and empty; the desks are unattended, the computer terminals blank. Everyone's gone home.

35 INT. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - BACK TO SULLIVAN 35

--as he shrugs, then closes the door. He's all alone now. He turns and heads across the room...

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED 35

...failing to notice CHUCKY'S BOX, now lying on its side on the floor, its LID OPEN...and EMPTY.

Sullivan crosses the room, retrieving his drink from his desk. He brushes past the desk, the chairs, the myriad toys. Chucky could be hiding anywhere, ready to pounce.

Sullivan grabs a TV remote off the coffee table. He thumbs a button, causing a huge screen to descend--bzzzz--from the ceiling. He thumbs another button, switching on the TV--it's the "MacNeil Lehrer Report." Stock figures flash.

Sullivan puts the remote back on the coffee table, then watches the screen intently, sipping his drink.

Then, he paws a SWITCH on the wall: the LIGHTS DIM, plunging the room into creepy SEMI-DARKNESS. Sullivan moves to the windows. Sipping his drink, he looks out at the spectacular view, the city lights spread out below him, while the "MacNeil Lehrer Report" drones on in the BACKGROUND.

Suddenly, behind Sullivan, the TV channel SWITCHES to a ROCK VIDEO. Sullivan turns, puzzled. It's a loud, grating heavy-metal band, with long-haired guys in leather, and bimbos in chains.

What's going on? Sullivan moves back to the coffee table...only to find that the remote is NO LONGER THERE.

Sullivan looks around. The remote is nowhere to be seen. Getting down on his hands and knees, Sullivan looks BENEATH THE COFFEE TABLE. And there's the remote. Way under there. Mmmm. Must've fallen somehow.

Sullivan reeeeaches his hand into the dark recesses beneath the table. Will Chucky snap? Sullivan reaches... reaches...and retrieves the remote without incident.

Standing, he puts the remote back on the table. Then he steps away...

...just as a tiny PLASTIC HAND rolls a DOZEN MARBLES into his path! Sullivan steps on the marbles and immediately SLIPS, his legs flying out from under him. He drops his glass: it SHATTERS on the floor. He slams flat on his back with a painful thud.

CLOSE ON SULLIVAN--as he lies there, EYES CLOSED, grimacing in pain. He lies there like that for several moments, dazed. Then, coming to, he turns his head to one side and slowly opens his eyes...

36 SULLIVAN'S POV AT FLOOR-LEVEL 36

as a battery-operated TOY POLICE CAR comes zooming right at us, tiny SIREN wailing and red light flashing!

37 BACK TO SULLIVAN 37

as his eyes widen in panic: he's about to get smashed in the face! He sits bolt upright...and the toy car goes zooming past, just missing his face by an inch.

Sullivan sighs in relief...and then he becomes aware of the fact that an entire army of TOYS has come to life all around him. He glances frantically about: TOY CARS, TRUCKS, and TANKS are closing in. TOY SOLDIERS approach inexorably. Somewhere, a BAG O' LAUGHS emits hysterical peals...

...and the TOY TRAIN chugs around its track, TOOT TOOTING, its cyclops headlight sending a white BEAM around and around the room, cutting through the darkness, intermittently spotlighting Sullivan's alarmed confusion.

Sullivan struggles to get to his feet, holding his painfully injured back. He's standing BEHIND a HIGH-BACKED CHAIR. Then, he hears a pair of chirpy VOICES, a mechanical conversation, coming from THE FRONT of the chair:

GOOD GUY #1 (O.S.)
Hey, wanna play?

GOOD GUY #2 (O.S.)
I like to be hugged!

GOOD GUY #1 (O.S.)
I like to be hugged!

GOOD GUY #2 (O.S.)
Hey, wanna play?

...and on and on, ad nauseum, an endless loop. Fascinated in a dreadful sort of way, Sullivan is compelled to walk AROUND the chair, toward the voices...

Circling around, he finds TWO GOOD GUYS sitting side-by-side in the chair. The dolls are apparently locked in an endless animatronic conversation, each responding to the other's voice and movements. Their eyes blink, their heads swivel back and forth as they chatter. The BEAM of light from the circling train intermittently falls across their friendly Good Guy faces.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED 37

Sullivan squats before the two talking dolls, fascinated by the surreal sight. What's going on? He laughs nervously. Then, he extends a tentative hand toward the doll on the right, fingers reaching toward its head. He grabs the head in mid-swivel, stopping its motion and chatter. The doll on the left, without any stimulus, freezes as well.

Still grasping the head of the doll on the right, Sullivan looks from one Good Guy to the other, both now completely still...

...and then with shocking surprise CHUCKY pops up from BEHIND THE ARM of the chair! With a warrior's cry he BASHES Sullivan on the head with a BASEBALL BAT!

CHUCKY
Steee-rike! You're outta there!

Sullivan goes reeling backwards.

Stunned, his forehead bloody, Sullivan looks up from the floor to see Chucky advancing, wielding the bat. Terrified, Sullivan scrambles to his feet. He bolts away...

...but then a DART whizzes through the air and STABS into the base of his spine! He collapses to the floor again, screaming in pain.

CHUCKY
Bull's-eye!

His legs paralyzed, Sullivan desperately tries to drag himself away from Chucky.

Meanwhile, Chucky grabs the YO-YO off the coffee table. Casually advancing toward Sullivan, in no particular hurry, he flawlessly "walks the dog."

CHUCKY
Look at that. I still got it. After eight fucking years, I still got it.

Sullivan drags himself along the floor; Chucky advances slowly.

SULLIVAN
(feebly)
No...no...

Chucky keeps advancing, "walking the dog"...

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (2) 37

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
When that little brat Andy blew me away, I thought I was a goner. But I ended up in a brand new doll. Not a whole doll. Just enough to keep me alive, and trapped in that fucking place for eight years!

He furiously kicks over a lamp.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
I have you to thank for that, asshole. You shut the place down. You know how long eight years is? Long enough to think about getting even.

Dragging himself along the floor, Sullivan reaches his desk. With great effort he reaches up to the desk top. He tries to pull himself up...

...and then with shocking surprise A DART wielded by Chucky comes STABBING down into Sullivan's hand, IMPALING it to the desk! Sullivan screams in agony

...but his scream is abruptly cut off as Chucky wraps the yo-yo's STRING about his neck and PULLS tight, STRANGLING him! Chucky cackles maniacally as Sullivan gags and chokes, his life ebbing away. The BEAM of light from the circling train intermittently spotlights Sullivan's agonized face, and Chucky's devilish visage as well.

Finally, Sullivan's head drops, dead. His arm remains raised, the hand impaled to the desk. Chucky releases the yo-yo string, sighing in pleasure, his fingers dancing, as if they'd just had a great work-out.

CHUCKY
Ahhhh. Just like the good ol' days.

He climbs up onto the desk chair.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Nothing like a strangulation to get the circulation going.

CHUCKY'S REFLECTION appears in the glowing COMPUTER SCREEN. His tiny fingers race across the keyboard, expertly executing some command.

CHUCKY
I gotta get out of this body once and for all. Before it's too late.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED (3) 37

Glowing amber information scrolls across the computer screen.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Where are you, you little shit?

Then, Chucky finds what he's looking for. The magic words pop onto the computer screen:

38 INSERT 38
FILE - ANDY BARCLAY

REFLECTED in the screen, Chucky smiles nefariously...

39 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 39

A half-sized school bus, painted an institutional gray, roars down the highway. Stencilled on the side of the bus in no-nonsense black letters are the words "GLENCOE MILITARY ACADEMY."

40 INT. BUS - DAY 40

ANDY BARCLAY, now a good-looking, long-haired sixteen-year-old in blue jeans, stares morosely out the window, not watching the rush of traffic. He's sitting alone near the back of the bus.

Sitting across the aisle is a cute seven-year-old black kid, JOHNSON. He's busy playing one of those toy-sized computer games. It beeps and sings.

JOHNSON
Hey. What did you say your name was?

ANDY
Andy.
(a beat as Johnson fails to respond)
Barclay.

Johnson holds up the computer game.

JOHNSON
You wanna play me, Barclay? I'll give you a ten-point lead.

ANDY
No thanks.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED 40

JOHNSON
(pulls out a stick of gum)
Want some gum?

ANDY
Nah.

JOHNSON
You sure?

Seeing that this is important to the kid, Andy gives in: he takes the gum.

ANDY
Thank you.
(pocketing the gum)
For later.

Johnson smiles: he's made a friend.

JOHNSON
This your first time away from home?

Andy says nothing.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
It's not so bad. When I first came to Glencoe, I really missed my dad a lot. But you know, soldiers don't cry. You get used to it.

Andy is moved by the kid's obvious bravery.

ANDY
Did you just spend vacation with your dad?

JOHNSON
Nah. He's stationed in Japan. I stayed with my cousins. What a bunch of geeks.

ANDY
What about your mom?

JOHNSON
She went to heaven when I was just a little kid. Me and my dad are on our own.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (2) 40

ANDY
You look pretty young to be out on your own.

JOHNSON
(indignant)
I'm seven and a half. That's not so young.

Andy turns back to the window and looks out wistfully, as if recalling some painful memories.

ANDY
No, I guess not.

Johnson can see that Andy is troubled. He reaches into a pocket...

JOHNSON
I got something else for you.

He presents Andy with a POCKET KNIFE.

ANDY
No, I can't take your knife.

JOHNSON
Go ahead. I got lots. My dad sends 'em to me from Taiwan.

Smiling, Andy takes the knife, pulling open the sharp silvery blade.

ANDY
Thanks. But what do I need it for?

JOHNSON
A good soldier is always prepared, Barclay. Don't worry. You'll learn the ropes.

41 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - MAIN GATE - DAY 41

Drums boom. Horns blare. In an impressive display of pomp and pageantry, the Glencoe Academy MARCHING BAND moves as one, dozens of cadets in rigid formation, stomping through a field.

Nearby, a massive wrought-iron gate, guarded by a pair of teen-aged Cadets, provides entry onto the immaculate campus. Beyond the gate looms the academy's main building, a stately Georgian edifice. An engraved sign identifies the school: "GLENCOE MILITARY ACADEMY."

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED 41

The little gray bus roars to a stop before the gate, depositing Andy and Johnson. They lug duffel bags. Andy stands before the gate for a moment, looking at his new home with trepidation.

He frowns, then sighs. The cadets open the gate for Andy and Johnson and they walk on through, heading for the main building, passing the marching band.

42 INT. COCHRANE'S OFFICE - DAY 42

It's a decidedly masculine room, all dark panelling and leather upholstery. A massive globe squats in a corner. The walls are adorned with maps, and faded photos of winning ball teams long since graduated. Glass cases display antique toy soldiers, arranged to convey infamous battles. It's a room musty with tradition.

Andy stands nervously beside COLONEL COCHRANE, in uniform as always, the academy's middle-aged chief administrator. Cochrane, stern but fair, points out various MEDALS proudly displayed in a glass case.

COCHRANE
The purple heart. The medal of honor. The silver star. They're just medals, Barclay. What counts is in here.
(points to his heart)
That's what got me and my men through Viet Nam in one piece.

Cochrane motions for Andy to sit down.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)
Courage. That's the ideal that Glencoe was built on.

He lets this sink in. Then he sits behind a massive desk, and starts flipping through a file:

COCHRANE (CONT'D)
I see that for the past eight years, you've been in one foster home after another. Mind if I ask why?

ANDY
They took me away from my mother. She's...under special care.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED 42

COCHRANE
I know that. I meant, how come you never got settled anywhere?

ANDY
"Adjustment problems."

COCHRANE
I can read, Barclay. I'm asking you.

ANDY
I never felt comfortable with those people. They weren't family. They were strangers.

COCHRANE
(standing)
All right, Barclay, listen up. I'm willing to cut you some slack since you've had it so rough. But you're a troublemaker, and I've got a real problem with troublemakers. They don't fit into the system.
(sits on the edge of his desk)
So here's my advice: grow up. You're not a kid anymore. It's time to forget these fantasies of killer dolls.

ANDY
Yes, sir.

COCHRANE
"When I was a child, I thought as a child. But when I became a man, I put away childish things." First Corinthians.

Andy listens politely.

COCHRANE (CONT'D)
Look alive, Barclay. At Glencoe, we take bedwetters, and turn them into men.

Andy listens resignedly.

43 INT. MILITARY SCHOOL - BARBER SHOP - DAY 43

Tile floor and mirrored walls. Andy stands by watching apprehensively as SERGEANT BOTNICK, the sour adult barber, finishes trimming Johnson's already short hair with an electric razor. Johnson, sitting in an old-fashioned barber chair, is playing his computer game, seemingly oblivious to Botnick's ministrations. On the counter, a football game blares from a portable TV.

Finished, Botnick yanks the white apron off Johnson with a fluorish.

BOTNICK
Presto. You're bald.

Botnick chuckles to himself as Johnson climbs down from the chair, rubbing his fingertips over his buzz cut. Andy stares at the kid, horrified.

JOHNSON
(to Andy)
Always feels so weird.

Botnick turns to Andy with relish, brandishing a fresh white apron like a matador's cape.

BOTNICK
Next victim.

Andy sighs and takes a seat in the chair. Botnick eagerly drapes the apron across Andy's shirt. Then, eyeing Andy's long hair, he revs up the lethally buzzing electric razor.

BOTNICK (CONT'D)
Kiss it good-bye, plebe.

ANDY
Shit.

Botnick laughs, then starts whistling as he brings the razor toward Andy's head. He digs in, CUTTING Andy's long hair at the roots, making tracks across his scalp, as if mowing the lawn. The razor BUZZES and WHINES. Johnson watches from the sidelines. Andy glances down at his feet, where thick tufts of long hair are dropping. He winces at the sight. Botnick yanks his head back up.

BOTNICK (CONT'D)
Hold still.

Andy finds himself staring right at an INFINITY of his own REFLECTIONS, caused by two facing mirrors. He looks on in horror as his hair falls away, and his disfigurement progresses.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED 43

ANDY
Oh Jesus.

BOTNICK
What's the matter? You like looking like a goddamned girl?

Andy can't bear to watch anymore. Averting his eyes, he turns his attention to the football game playing on the portable TV. Concentrating on the game, he tries to ignore the BUZZING razor eating away at his hair.

Then the game is interrupted by a COMMERCIAL: two animated cartoon moppets with red hair cavort about the screen, singing a familiar insipid tune.

GOOD GUYS
(singing on TV)
"We're back! We're still best friends 'till the end..."

CAMERA MOVES IN portentously on Andy as his eyes widen in shock.

Good Guys. Oh my God.

Andy trances out, forgetting all about the hair cut as the commercial continues: the cartoon is replaced with footage of a little kid having the time of his life with a Good Guy...

GOOD GUY (V.O)
"We can say three different sentences!"

Andy watches the commercial with mounting fear...but Johnson is enthralled.

JOHNSON
Coooool!

The commercial continues, much to Andy's horror, and the insidious Good Guy JINGLE starts to mix with the high-pitched whining BUZZ of the razor as it chews away Andy's hair...

The razor BUZZES. The Good Guys sing their JINGLE. Andy's eyes widen in fear. We get staccato cuts of RAZOR...GOOD GUYS...ANDY...

The spell is broken as the commercial ends. Andy can't believe what he's just seen.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED (2) 43

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Those Good Guys are rad. I want one for Christmas.

Andy turns to him.

ANDY
No, you don't. Believe me, you don't want one.

44 INT. MILITARY SCHOOL BARRACKS - ANDY'S ROOM - DAY 44

The door opens and Andy steps into the room, sporting his new crew cut, and now wearing the SCHOOL UNIFORM. He lugs his duffel bag.

He takes a good look at the room: two bunks; two desks with matching chairs; two modular closets. There's a storage trunk at the foot of each bunk. A single window looks out onto the quad, two floors below. That's it. Spare, strictly functional.

Andy sighs at the depressing severity of it all. Then he notices that the bedding on one of the bunks is wrinkled, less than crisp. Books are scattered messily atop the adjacent desk. Mmmm. Definitely not up to military standards.

Andy lugs his duffel bag over to the other bunk. Then, before he can start unpacking, he hears a THUMP. Startled, Andy whirls. What was that? THUMP. There it was again, coming from the CLOSET.

Apprehensive, Andy creeps slowly toward the closet. THUMP THUMP. Something's definfitely in there. Andy reaches out and grabs the knob on the closet door. THUMP THUMP THUMP. Taking a deep breath, he pulls the door open...

...and a:

45 FAT KID 45

immediately falls out, bound and gagged! He slams painfully to the floor. It's Andy's sad sack roommate, WHITEHURST. Shocked, Andy immediately kneels and pulls the gag out of Whitehurst's mouth.

ANDY
Are you okay?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED 45

WHITEHURST
Those bastards. Those fucking bastards.

Andy starts untying him.

ANDY
What happened?

WHITEHURST
Shelton, that's what happened. Shelton and his goddamn lackeys.
(stands and brushes himself off, humiliated)
Thank you, I'm fine.

Sensing Whitehurst's humiliation, Andy extends his hand.

ANDY
I'm Andy.

WHITEHURST
(laughing bitterly)
You must be new. Otherwise you'd know they don't tolerate any form of individuality here. Certainly nothing so personal as a first name.

ANDY
(hand still extended)
Barclay.

Whitehurst is touched; for a moment, he sheds his cynical, defensive veneer. The loneliest kid in the world, a sensitive intellectual totally out of place here, he's dying for a friend. He shakes Andy's hand, rather formally.

WHITEHURST
Whitehurst. Harold Aubrey, for the record.

ANDY
Who's Shelton?

WHITEHURST
Cadet Major Brett C. Shelton. He's God around here. And a vengeful God, at that.

Andy digests this information with a frown.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED (2) 45

WHITEHURST (CONT'D)
Welcome to hell, Barclay.

46 EXT. MILITARY SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY 46

DOZENS of teen-aged CADETS are gathered in the quad, chatting and fooling around before roll call.

Most of the cadets are boys, but a few girls are present, too. However, there's little differentiation between the sexes: all the cadets wear stiff, regulation uniforms--neatly pressed slacks for the boys, drab sexless skirts for the girls. Moreover, the girls wear no make-up. Conformity is the rule.

One group of boys is playing hackey-sack. Elsewhere, a guy and a girl arm-wrestle on the ground, to the cheers of their friends.

But at the edge of the quad, all alone, a single girl stands apart from the crowd. Peering into a compact make-up mirror, she's carefully applying ruby-red lipstick. A casual observer might find this gesture self-absorbed, narcissistic. But it's actually an attempt to preserve some shred of individuality...and it works. This hispanic beauty is named DE SILVA.

Peering into her MIRROR, De Silva sees ANDY REFLECTED, standing with Whitehurst several yards away. ANDY IS NOW IN UNIFORM. De Silva studies his handsome face as she applies her lipstick. She smiles, liking what she sees.

47 AT THE CENTER OF THE QUAD 47

the school's second-in-command, CADET CAPTAIN ELLIS, barks to the troops at the top his lungs:

ELLIS
BRAVO COMPANY, FALL IN!

The kids rush to line up, arranging themselves into rows that fill the quad. They stand at attention before Ellis.

Andy, Whitehurst, and De Silva all stand near each other in the FRONT ROW. Andy frantically watches the others and imitates their rigid stance.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
PREPARE FOR INSPECTION!

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED 47

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF SHOES--impossibly shined, as they WALK along the front row. CAMERA TILTS UP a pair of crisply pressed trousers, to reveal the hard features of CADET MAJOR SHELTON, the school's highest-ranking student.

Shelton approaches Ellis, who offers his superior a respectful salute. Shelton salutes back.

ELLIS
All present and accounted for, sir!

SHELTON
Thank you, Captain.

Shelton then turns his attention to the troops. Walking along the front row, he pauses before Andy. He smiles jovially.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
You're the new boy, right? How ya doing?

Andy looks at Shelton and smiles back.

ANDY
Pretty good.

SHELTON
Who said you could look at me?

Confused, Andy doesn't know what to say.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
Do you know who I am?

ANDY
Shelton?

SHELTON
(barking into Andy's face)
That's Major Shelton to you, asshole!

ANDY
Major Shelton.

SHELTON
Major Shelton, sir!

ANDY
Major Shelton, sir.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED (2)

SHELTON
What's your name, dipweed?

ANDY
Andy Barclay...
(then, grudgingly)
...sir.

Shelton smiles again.

SHELTON
Welcome to Glencoe, Private.

Shelton moves on, pausing before Whitehurst, who stares straight ahead, obviously terrified.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
Whitehurst, you are without a doubt the most pathetic thing I have ever seen. Wouldn't you agree?

Whitehurst trembles, not knowing what to say.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
I asked you a question, fat boy!

WHITEHURST
I...no, sir! I don't agree, sir!

SHELTON
Are you contradicting me, fat boy?

Nearby, De Silva overhears this exchange with disgust.

DE SILVA
(under her breath)
You asshole.

Shelton, who hears and sees all, turns to De Silva.

SHELTON
What did you say?

DE SILVA
(at the top of her lungs)
I SAID, "YOU ASSHOLE"...SIR!

A smattering of GIGGLES from the troops. Shelton simmers with rage.

SHELTON
Think you're pretty smart, don't you, De Silva?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED (3) 47

DE SILVA
(smiling)
Yes, sir!

SHELTON
All right. Give me twenty-five.
Right now!

A couple of the other girls groan. But De Silva, without hesitation, drops to the ground and swiftly begins her push-ups, executing them with impressive speed, loudly--even cheerfully!--counting out each one:

DE SILVA
One!...two!...three!...four...!

As De Silva continues with her push-ups, Shelton addresses the others, walking up and down the front row.

SHELTON
You girls may think that because you're so much weaker, you deserve special treatment. Well, forget it! The same rules apply for everybody. Only the fittest survive.

De Silva's cheerful COUNTING as she vigorously goes through her push-ups provides ironic counterpoint to Shelton's spiel.

DE SILVA
...Eighteen!...Nineteen!...
Twenty!...

The cadets--boys and girls alike--are seriously impressed by De Silva's show of strength. Out of the corner of his eye, Andy watches her with admiration. Shelton, desperate to maintain his superiority, ups the ante:

SHELTON
(to De Silva)
One-handed!

Without skipping a beat, De Silva folds one arm around her back...and finishes up the push-ups using only ONE ARM!

DE SILVA
...Twenty-four!...Twenty-five!

De Silva leaps to her feet, smiling brightly, barely out of breath. With a coquettish flip of her head, she flings her lovely hair back into place.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED (4) 47

DE SILVA
(as if after a stroll in the park)
Whew!

After all that exertion, she's still able to maintain her femininity. Shelton scowls. Andy smiles, already developing a major crush.

48 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY 48

Johnson comes striding down the corridor, full of precocious bravado. Older cadets greet him warmly as they pass, high-fiving him and saluting him with real respect.

49 INT. MAIL ROOM 49

Johnson approaches a counter giving onto the MAIL ROOM. He salutes SERGEANT CLARK, the adult administrator working there.

CLARK
How ya doing, Johnson. Sorry, nothing from your dad today. Maybe tomorrow.

Johnson frowns.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Listen, he's busy flying jets and defending the country. He'll write when he gets a chance.

JOHNSON
(resigned)
I know.

Clark searches for a way to buck the kid up.

CLARK
Listen, I got a job for you. You wanna take this over to the new kid for me?

Clark hands Johnson a big rectangular BOX, about three feet long, wrapped in brown shipping paper. The address label conspicuously bears the name "ANDY BARCLAY." The box is almost as big as Johnson, but the kid's a trouper and he manages.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED 49

JOHNSON
Yes, sir.

CLARK
Attaboy.

AsJohnson heads away with the box:

CLARK (CONT'D)
Hey Johnson, how do you like being a soldier?

JOHNSON
I like it. I just hope Santa and the Easter Bunny can find me here.

Clark smiles.

50 ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - JOHNSON 50

makes his way down the corridor with the big, heavy box, peering over the top, barely able to see. Losing his balance, he SLAMS the box against the wall, then quickly recovers. Grunting with the effort, he continues on down the hall, rounding a corner, SLAMMING the box against the wall again. Whatever's inside is taking a real beating.

51 JOHNSON 51

approaches the top of a long, steep STAIRCASE. He pauses at the top, catching his breath; it's a long way down. Johnson sighs. He takes a tentative step down, then another, struggling to maintain control of the unwieldy box...and then DROPS it. It tumbles loudly down the long staircase, CRASHING to the floor far below.

Johnson sighs. He hurries down the stairs to inspect the damage...

52 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - MAIN BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR - DAY 52

...Johnson comes bounding down the stairs. At the bottom, he finds the box dented but intact. He moves to pick it up again...and then notices that a HOLE has been TORN in the brown shipping paper...

...revealing bright yellow cardboard underneath, and five big, happy letters--a partially visible logo: GOOD G

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED 52

Johnson gasps in delight. He tears the shipping paper back a bit more, enlarging the hole, revealing the rest of the logo: GOOD GUYS.

Johnson is thrilled. Hefting the box again, he gives it a good, rattling shake. He glances furtively about; several cadets are milling through the corridor. Taking cover, Johnson lugs the box through swinging glass doors, entering...

53 INT. MAIN BUILDING - LIBRARY - DAY 53

Johnson carries the box into the hushed, sacred atmosphere of the labyrinthian library. Towering book-lined shelves preside over studious cadets seated at tables, their heads bowed in thought as they pore through dusty volumes.

Johnson needs privacy; there mustn't be any witnesses to his mischief. He heaves the box around a corner and heads deep into the bowels of the library, hiding out within the maze of bookshelves.

54 SOMEWHERE IN THE BOWELS OF THE LIBRARY 54

Johnson comes huffing and puffing around a corner, lugging the box. Making his way down the aisle, he's surrounded by books, enveloped by venerable tomes.

He pauses, setting the box down on the floor. Then he glances about: the coast is clear.

Eyes wide with anticipation, he starts ripping through the brown shipping paper, tearing it away, partially uncovering the box's clear cellophane window...which gives Johnson a peek at the prize inside--a GOOD GUY DOLL, its benign plastic face frozen in that familiarly innocuous Good Guy smile.

Johnson pauses to stare at the doll through the cellophane. He can barely contain his excitement. It's like Christmas! He starts ripping away the rest of shipping paper...

...and then with shocking surprise:

55 CHUCKY 55

suddenly bursts right through the cellophane window with a ferocious cry! Johnson yelps. Chucky pins him to the floor.

Instead of fear, Johnson's reaction is delight.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED 55

JOHNSON
A Good Guy!

CHUCKY
Yeah? Who the fuck are you?

Johnson crinkles his nose, offended.

JOHNSON
It isn't nice to swear. I thought you guys only said three sentences.

CHUCKY
I'm new and improved.

JOHNSON
(impressed)
I never saw a doll like you before.

CHUCKY
All right kid, fun's over. Where the hell's Andy?

JOHNSON
Andy?

Chucky angrily points to the address label still visible on the crumpled-up shipping paper: it clearly bears Andy's name.

CHUCKY
Can't you read?! He was supposed to get this package! Did you know tampering with the mail is a federal offense?

JOHNSON
(eyes downcast, ashamed)
Sorry. Is he your best friend?

CHUCKY
He's more than that. He's my new lease on life--
(light bulb)
Wait a minute. I've got a new body. The clock's started over again...and I haven't let anyone in on my little secret yet.

Smiling innocently, feigning good will, Chucky turns to Johnson.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED (2) 55

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
What's your name, kid?

JOHNSON
Johnson. What's yours?

CHUCKY
I'm Chucky...
(portentously)
...but my real name is Charles Lee Ray.

Suddenly we hear the BANG BANG BANG of firing rifles as we:

CUT TO:

56 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - TARGET RANGE - DAY 56

BANG BANG BANG! Cadets in separate stalls are firing 22-calibre rifles at "bull's-eye" targets. SGT. CLARK officiates, pacing back and forth, surveying the cadets' performance.

In one stall, Andy is FIRING at his target, but not doing well at all: he's uncomfortable holding the gun; he flinches every time he fires; he's missing the target completely. Whitehurst stands by with a critical eye.

WHITEHURST
You don't like guns, do you?

ANDY
What am I doing wrong?

In the neighboring stall, De Silva is FIRING at the target. She hits a bull's-eye every time. Sensing that Andy is watching her, she smiles.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(to De Silva)
Is there anything you can't do?

DE SILVA
Can't cook worth a damn.

Putting down her rifle, she steps over to Andy.

WHITEHURST
Barclay, meet De Silva.

ANDY
Hi.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED 56

DE SILVA
Hi. Here, let me show you.

Whitehurst makes eyebrows at Andy: hubba-hubba.

ANDY
Okay.

Standing behind Andy, De Silva wraps her arms around him, showing him how to hold the rifle. It's intimate.

DE SILVA
Like this. Now line up your shot.

Andy prepares to shoot.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Go for it.

57 INSERT 57

Andy FIRES: he hits the outermost region of the target.

58 DE SILVA 58

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Better. You have to concentrate.
Try again.

Andy continues FIRING: he continues to hit the...

59 INSERT 59

...target's edges, never hitting the center. As he FIRES:

60 ANGLE 60

ANDY
That was really great, what you did back there at formation.

DE SILVA
Yeah, well, Shelton's a major dick.

ANDY
Tell me about it.

Andy FIRES his last shot, emptying the rifle's cylinder. De Silva peers at the target.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED 60

ANDY
Plenty of room for improvement.

DE SILVA
I'm always available for instruction.
(she heads away)
Later.

ANDY
Definitely.

61 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - LIBRARY - DAY 61

Back in the bowels of the library, Johnson is now lying on the floor, on his back, while Chucky hovers over him.

JOHNSON
Couldn't we just play hide-and-seek?

CHUCKY
Hold still.

JOHNSON
What do you call this game, anyway?

CHUCKY
"Hide the Soul." Trust me, you're gonna love it.

JOHNSON
Whatever you say, Charles.

Chucky ceremoniously places his hand on Johnson's forehead...and begins the chant:

CHUCKY
Ade due Damballa...give me the power I beg of--

Then FOOTSTEPS APPROACH from the next aisle over. Chucky freezes.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Shit.

JOHNSON
Charles, stop swearing!

62 COLONEL COCHRANE 62

appears from around the corner. He stops short when he sees Johnson lying on the floor, with a doll perched over him. Chucky, of course, is playing the dummy.

COCHRANE
What are you doing, son?

JOHNSON
We're playing "Hide the Soul."

Cochrane picks Chucky up off the floor.

COCHRANE
We don't play with dolls, now do we? Dolls are for girls.

JOHNSON
(getting to his feet)
But Charles is my new best friend.

COCHRANE
Johnson, you know better than to talk back to a superior officer.

Johnson looks contritely down at the floor.

JOHNSON
Yes, sir.

COCHRANE
(points to the box and shipping paper)
Now clean that up. I'll take care of this.

Cochrane strides off, carelessly toting Chucky by the hair. But before he's out of range, Chucky clicks his eyes and bleats at Johnson:

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
I'll be back!

JOHNSON
See you later, Charles.

Johnson stares after them as they disappear around a corner.

63 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - QUAD - DAY 63

The cadets are marching around the quad in formation, drilling with 22-calibre semi-automatic rifles, twirling them like batons. A triumvurate of adult officers oversee the exercise. Shelton leads the corps, barking commands:

SHELTON
Left, hut! Right, hut!

Cochrane comes striding out of the main building into the quad, carrying Chucky by the hair. He hurries along the edge of the quad toward the rear of the U-shaped complex, passing the marching cadets.

Andy is among the cadets. He's got his hands full, trying to march and handle his rifle at the same time. It's tricky. He glances at Cochrane as he passes by...then does a startled double-take when he sees what Cochrane is carrying. Bright red hair. Blue overalls. Red sneakers. A Good Guy doll.

Andy drops his rifle.

Cochrane disappears behind the rear of the building. Shelton barks at the troops:

SHELTON
Company halt!

The cadets come to a stop. Shelton picks up Andy's rifle.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
It's not a baton, Barclay. You look like a goddamn majorette out there.

A smattering of giggles from the ranks. Andy stands stone-still. Whitehurst winces in sympathy for his friend. De Silva rolls her eyes in disgust. Then, without warning, Shelton THROWS the rifle at Andy; Andy flinches but manages to catch it.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
What's the matter? You act like you're afraid of it.

Andy says nothing.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
A soldier's gun is his best friend, Barclay. Remember that.

64 EXT. MILITARY SCHOOL - BEHIND MAIN BUILDING - DAY 64

Toting Chucky by the hair, Cochrane approaches a large green dumpster. A huge, noisy GARBAGE TRUCK--a gray behemoth on wheels--idles nearby. A dirty GARBAGE MAN is dumping trashcans into the grinding mechanical maw at the back of the truck.

While Garbage Man is busy at the truck, Cochrane approaches a still-full can beside the dumpster. He tosses Chucky into the can, head first. Then he hurries back toward the quad.

Garbage Man throws a lever at the back of the truck, causing the mechanical jaws to cease chewing. Then he turns to the can containing Chucky. He picks it up, moves to the back of the truck, turns the can over, and dumps its trashy contents into the dark, yawning mouth. He doesn't notice Chucky, buried under the mound of refuse.

Garbage Man throws the lever: the jaws start to close with a loud electrical groan. Garbage Man sets down the empty can, then heads for the front of the truck.

And then, from inside the swiftly closing mouth, comes a plaintive, panicked cry:

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Help! Help!

Shocked, Garbage Man bolts for the back of the truck.

GARBAGE MAN
Jesus!

He throws the lever: the jaws freeze in mid-bite. Garbage Man looks inside the mouth but sees only mountains of trash. And yet, from somewhere within, comes that voice:

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Help! I'm stuck!

GARBAGE MAN
Hold on!

Apparently, someone is buried under the trash. Garbage Man climbs up onto the truck's bumper...then ventures inside the dark, cavernous mouth.

65 INSIDE THE MOUTH 65

Garbage Man starts sifting through the dense trash, searching for whomever. He finds no one.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED 65

GARBAGE MAN
Where are you?

No answer. Garbage Man sifts some more, then starts kicking through the debris. He's too busy to notice CHUCKY, who pops out from beneath a layer of trash in an obscure corner of the cavernous mouth. In a blur of motion, Chucky darts out the back of the truck, hopping down to the ground, out of sight.

Garbage Man, still sifting, is perplexed.

GARBAGE MAN
What the hell?

66 AT THE BACK OF THE TRUCK 66

Chucky's hand PULLS THE LEVER.

67 INSIDE THE MOUTH 67

The mechanical jaws start to close with a whining mechanical roar. Garbage Man starts.

GARBAGE MAN (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

Panicked, he bolts for the swiftly closing lips--and TRIPS, falling into the thick layer of trash. The lethal mechanical jaws close in mercilessly.

GARBAGE MAN (CONT'D)
Nooooo!

Garbage Man looks up...and sees, in the last moment of his life, as the jaws come grinding down...CHUCKY, standing on the bumper, cackling gleefully, glimpsed only fleetingly as the jaws bite down, bringing DARKNESS. And death.

Garbage Man SCREAMS in agony...

68 EXT. MILITARY SCHOOL - QUAD - DAY 68

Hearing Garbage Man's agonized SCREAMS, the assembled cadets break rank and bolt for the rear of the building. Andy, Whitehurst, and De Silva are among them.

69 EXT. MILITARY SCHOOL - BEHIND MAIN BUILDING - DAY 69

The cadets come sprinting around the corner toward the garbage truck. The noisily grinding jaws can't drown out the SCREAMS of agony coming from within. But the screams quickly taper off, then cease entirely.

One cadet throws the lever at the back of the truck; the jaws freeze. But it's too late.

Andy stands with the others at the back of the truck, looking on in horror as a stream of blood dribbles from the clenched mechanical jaws, cascading over the bumper to the ground. It looks as if the truck is drooling.

Chucky is nowhere to be seen.

70 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - CLASSROOM - DAY 70

Andy is sitting at his desk, one of two dozen students in history class. He stares out the window, lost in troubled thought, while the teacher, SERGEANT FRAZIER, a severe woman with a tight hair-do, lectures at the front of the room before a map.

FRAZIER
Napoleon waged an assault unprecedented in the history of Europe. But as we've seen, his campaign was destined to end at Waterloo.
(a trap)
Can you tell us why, Mr. Barclay?

At the mention of his name, Andy's reverie is broken: he suddenly glances away from the window, sheepishly looking to Frazier.

ANDY
What was the question?

FRAZIER
I realize we're all shaken up by the accident today, but let's make an effort, shall we, Mr. Barclay?

ANDY
Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry.

FRAZIER
Napoleon's defeat boiled down to this: he was overconfident. He underestimated the enemy.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED 70

FRAZIER (Cont'd)
That is the cardinal sin in warfare, ladies and gentlemen. Never underestimate the enemy.

Andy listens, thoughtful and troubled.

71 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - QUAD - DUSK 71

As the AMERICAN FLAG slowly descends the pole at the center of the quad, a mournful rendition of "TAPS" is heard, a sonorous farewell to the day.

A respectful cadet is pulling the flag down from the pole. Two other cadets, ceremoniously back-to-back, are the ones playing "TAPS" on their bugles.

72 INT. UPPER CLASS BARRACKS - ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT 72

Andy is sitting at his desk, sharpening the blade of the pocket knife Johnson had given him. Whitehurst is busy spit-polishing a pair of shoes.

WHITEHURST
Better get unpacked, Barclay. Shelton's notorious for his surprise inspections.

Andy places the pocket knife on his desk, then stands and gathers up his duffel bag. He glances over at Whitehurst.

ANDY
What are you doing?

WHITEHURST
What's it look like? I'm polishing Shelton's shoes.

ANDY
He makes you polish his shoes?

WHITEHURST
(sarcastic)
No, I offered out of the kindness of my heart.

Andy is evidently troubled. He decides to get it off his chest.

ANDY
Whitehurst, did you see Cochrane with that doll earlier today?

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED 72

WHITEHURST
No. What doll?

ANDY
He threw a...a Good Guy doll into the trash.
(a beat)
Just before the accident in the garbage truck.

WHITEHURST
So?

ANDY
(shrugs)
Just brought back some memories, that's all.

Whitehurst has finished with the shoes; as a final, defiant gesture, he spits INSIDE one of the shoes, then tilts the shoe so that the unseen phlegm glob inside will slide inexorably down to the toe.

He places the shoes neatly at the foot of his bed. Then he grabs his shaving kit and heads for the door.

WHITEHURST
I'm gonna get washed up. Lights out in a few minutes.

He leaves, closing the door after him, leaving Andy alone to unpack. Andy loosens the drawstring on his duffel bag...

...UNAWARE that BEHIND HIM, the lid of his TRUNK lifts open like a coffin, pushed up by a tiny plastic hand...and then, like a vampire, CHUCKY sits up, rising into view, smiling devilishly!

Suddenly the door to the hallway bursts open again. It's Whitehurst. Scowling, Chucky ducks promptly back into the trunk, pulling the lid shut. The boys are none the wiser.

WHITEHURST (CONT'D)
Oh Barclay, I almost forgot. Sargeant Clark wanted to know if you got your package.

ANDY
What package?

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED (2) 72

WHITEHURST
He said you got a package in the mail and that little kid, Johnson, was supposed to bring it to you. Didn't you get it?

ANDY
No.
(a beat)
Who would've sent me a package?

But Whitehurst is gone again, closing the door after him, leaving Andy to ponder this mystery alone. He stands there for a moment, confused, and increasingly uneasy.

Then he turns around and lugs his duffel bag over to the trunk. Leaning down, he reaches toward the trunk lid. He grabs the handle. He lifts it up...

...revealing NOTHING inside. CHUCKY COULD BE ANYWHERE NOW.

73 ANDY 73

Totally unaware of any danger, Andy starts transfering his clothes from the duffel bag to the trunk. Then, glancing over to the desk...he notices that the POCKET KNIFE IS GONE.

Andy furrows his brow, puzzled...and then with shocking surprise CHUCKY'S HAND shoots out from UNDERNEATH THE BUNK, SLASHING at Andy's ankle with the pocket knife!

Andy yelps in pain, collapsing to the floor, grabbing his bloody ankle. Chucky scampers out from beneath the bunk. Then Andy quickly rolls over onto his rump and, eyes wide with shock, he scoots backward on all fours toward the wall, cornered. Chucky advances slowly, brandishing the knife.

CHUCKY
Long time no see, pal. Lookin' good!

ANDY
You're dead! We killed you!

CHUCKY
Well, you know what they say. You just can't keep a Good Guy down.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED 73

Chucky cackles, thoroughly self-amused. Then he slashes at Andy with the knife; Andy grabs his duffel bag and uses it to deflect the blow. The knife slices through the burlap, cutting a large hole near the bottom of the bag; underwear, t-shirts, and a PLAYBOY magazine spill out onto the floor.

Chucky glances down at the PLAYBOY at his feet, eyebrows rising in a leer.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Andy, how you've grown.

Cackling maniacally, Chucky slashes at the bag again; the rest of Andy's belongings spill out, and the bag collapses, no longer an effective shield.

Desperate, still scooting back toward the wall, Andy glances at his stuff on the floor and spots his shaving kit, open, with a disposable RAZOR sticking out. Andy grabs the razor and holds it before him defensively, as if warding off a vampire with a cross. Chucky takes one look at the razor and bursts into derisive laughter.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
You gotta be kidding! What's that for? Peach fuzz?

ANDY
(stalling)
You're not going to kill me. You need me. You need to transfer your soul into my body.

CHUCKY
Wrong again, wimp. I got some fresh meat lined up, and I'm not gonna let you spoil it. Not this time.

ANDY
(realizing with horror)
Johnson.

CHUCKY
Yup. Just think. Chucky's gonna be a bro!

He cackles in gleeful anticipation. Then he slashes at Andy again; Andy defends himself with the RAZOR, slicing Chucky's palm! Chucky howls in pain; blood trickles from the wound.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED (2) 73

He's distracted just long enough for Andy to reach over to the bed, grab a PILLOW, and WHACK Chucky with it, sending him reeling across the room amidst an explosion of FEATHERS!

Andy gets to his feet...and then Chucky HURLS THE POCKET KNIFE at him from across the room! The weapon whizzes through the cloud of feathers. Andy ducks; the weapon stabs into the wall behind him. He's got the upper-hand now: he rushes at Chucky.

Desperate, Chucky grabs one of Shelton's shoes and hurls it at Andy; it CONKS him on the head, and he collapses to the floor. Chucky grabs the shoe again. Then he pounces on Andy with a savage cry, beating him over the head with the hard heel of the shoe.

Amidst the wafting cloud of feathers, a deadly wrestling match ensues: Andy and Chucky struggle for dominance on the floor. Chucky beats Andy with the shoe; Andy grabs Chucky's hand and bites it, forcing him to drop the shoe.

74 CLOSE ON ANDY 74

as he crawls desperately away from the killer doll. Inching along the floor, Andy encounters...a pair of feet. Wearing polished shoes. Andy looks up. It's SHELTON. He just walked in.

SHELTON
Isn't that sweet.

Shelton reaches past Andy and picks CHUCKY up off the floor. Chucky has assumed inanimate doll mode.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
What's the matter, Barclay? You homesick? You miss your mommy or what?

He reaches down and picks up his shoe: it's scuffed from Chucky's abuse.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

ANDY
(getting to his feet)
It wasn't--

Glancing at Chucky, Andy knows Shelton won't believe him.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED 74

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about your shoe. It's my fault, I'll polish it. Just...Please. Give me the doll back.

SHELTON
You gotta be kidding.

Shelton can see that Andy is quite serious.

ANDY
It's a gift from my mother.

SHELTON
Oh, Barclay, you're breaking my heart.
(tosses the shoe to Andy)
Tell Whitehurst he's off the hook. I got myself a new slave.

Carrying Chucky, he turns and heads out of the room. Pausing at the door, he glances back at the mess of clothing and feathers on the floor.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
And clean up this mess. You guys have five demerits.

ANDY
What about the doll?

Shelton smiles.

SHELTON
My kid sister's birthday is coming up. I think she's gonna love it, don't you?

Shelton leaves with Chucky, closing the door after him.

Andy, distraught, sits on the edge of his bunk. What's he going to do now? He glances up...and sees the POCKET KNIFE imbedded in the wall. He pulls the weapon out of the wall, and studies its sharp blade.

75 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - NIGHT 75

Later. RAIN pours down upon the venerable buildings.

76 INT. UPPER CLASS BARRACKS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 76

The corridor is dark and silent; the doors lining it are all shut. Midnight. Stillness. The school is asleep. Outside, the RAIN pours.

Then the door to Andy's room opens with a creak. Andy pokes his head out into the corridor. He looks both ways: the coast is clear. He tip-toes out into the hallway, glancing back into his room, where Whitehurst is sound asleep in his bunk. Andy closes the door, then pads on down the corridor, quiet as a mouse, heading for Shelton's room.

In his hand, he wields the POCKET KNIFE. Its sharp blade glints in the silvery nocturnal light.

He reaches a door marked "MAJOR SHELTON--PRIVATE." He tries the knob, but it's LOCKED. Kneeling, he inserts the pointed tip of the pocket knife into the lock. He jimmies it; it springs free. Andy stands. Taking a deep breath, he swings the door open...

77 INT. UPPER CLASS BARRACKS - SHELTON'S ROOM - NIGHT 77

...Andy tip-toes into the room, leaving the door behind him open just a crack. Feels safer that way.

Outside, the RAIN pours heavily. Andy looks around, eyes adjusting to the spectral darkness. In the single bunk, Shelton lies sleeping, snoring contentedly. There's a desk and chair, a closet, and the bunk. Everything's neat as a pin.

But there's no sign of Chucky. He's hiding somewhere.

Leading with the sharp pocket knife, Andy pads over to the closet. On the defensive, braced for attack, he slooooowly swings open the closet door...and suddenly he's confronted by HIS OWN REFLECTION! Andy jumps. It's only a full-length mirror on the back of the closet door. Andy sighs in relief.

He peers into the dark closet. Shirts and jackets hang neatly side-by-side, forming a curtain behind which Chucky might be hiding. With his free hand, Andy slowly reaches toward the hanging garments. He takes a deep breath, steeling himself.

Then he FLINGS the garments aside...and with shocking surprise he's confronted by a RED-HAIRED FIGURE! Andy jumps, then STABS at the figure with the knife. The sharp point stabs into the wall.

It's only a PIN-UP OF A NAKED RED-HAIRED WOMAN.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED 77

Andy sighs. Then Shelton stirs over in his bunk, his sleep disturbed by the ruckus. Andy cringes: will Shelton wake up? He rolls over and continues snoring.

Andy sighs. Then something on the closet floor catches his attention. A palm-sized piece of leather. Andy reaches down and picks it up. It's the SHEATH for some sort of knife...but the knife itself is missing. Gulp.

Andy shuts the closet door, then turns to face Shelton, who's snoring away. Brandishing the knife, Andy creeps over to the bunk. A BLANKET hangs over the side of the bed to the floor, making it impossible to see BENEATH the bed. Is Chucky hiding under there?

Kneeling, careful not to wake Shelton, Andy grabs ahold of the blanket with his free hand. Knife poised to strike, he hunkers down to the floor. Then, Andy slooooowly lifts the blanket...revealing NOTHING underneath the bed.

Andy drops the blanket. He sits up...and with shocking surprise CHUCKY is sitting there on the bed, holding a lethal BOWIE KNIFE to a sleeping Shelton's throat! Andy gasps, then moves as if to lunge at the doll--but Chucky stops him by miming a slice through Shelton's throat.

CHUCKY
(whispering, sing-song)
Uh-uh-uh!

Andy freezes. Chucky's evil face is half-lit by the spectral nighttime light.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
(childish sing-song)
My knife's bigger than yours.

What a quandary! Chucky's got the upper hand; Andy is powerless to make a move. Shelton snores away, oblivious.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Now put it down or I'll slice him open.

Andy hesitates relinquishing his weapon.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Do it!

Reluctantly, Andy complies: slowly, he lowers the pocket knife toward the bed.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED (2) 77

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
That's a good boy.

Andy slowly places the pocket knife on the bed; Chucky doesn't notice that Andy NICKS THE BLANKET with the point of the knife.

ANDY
You're not going to get away with this, Chucky. I'm not going to let you ruin that kid's life, like you ruined mine. I swear to God, I'm going to kill you.

CHUCKY
Sure, Andy. Just like the last time? And the time before that?

ANDY
Third time's the charm.

In a flash, Andy uses the pocket knife as a lever to FLING THE BLANKET up and over Chucky! Catching him off-guard, Andy back-hands the blanketed doll, KNOCKING the whole bundle off the bed.

And then Shelton's eyes snap open: he wakes to find Andy hovering over his bunk.

SHELTON
(furious)
What the fuck?!

Before Andy can get to Chucky, Shelton bolts out of the bunk and slams Andy against the wall.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
You picked the wrong time to come out of the closet, Barclay.

ANDY
I'm not! I didn't! I have to--

Looking over Shelton's shoulder, Andy sees Chucky climb out from under the blanket.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Stop!

Andy tries to break free, but Shelton slams him against the wall again. He watches helplessly as Chucky, wielding the bowie knife, darts OUT THE DOOR. Shelton's back is to the action; he sees nothing. He wrests the pocket knife from Andy's hand.

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED (3) 77

SHELTON
You picked the lock, you broke into my goddamned room. What the hell are you doing in here?

ANDY
You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Then something occurs to Shelton: he glances around the room, then turns back to Andy.

SHELTON
Where's the doll, Barclay?

Andy says nothing.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
Where's the fucking doll?! You took it, didn't you?!

ANDY
No!

78 SEVERAL CADETS 78

awakened by the ruckus, wiping the sleep from their eyes, suddenly appear at the door.

CADET
What's going on?

Shelton calms down. He turns to the cadets at the door, then back to Andy. He smiles sadistically.

SHELTON
Well, somebody around here sure as hell took it.

He's hatching some kind of scheme.

79 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - QUAD - NIGHT 79

Two dozen Cadets--all the teen-aged boys in Bravo Company--are wearily marching around and around the quad in the pouring RAIN. They march with their arms raised over their heads, hoisting their rifles. They've evidently been at it for awhile. Their rain gear is thoroughly soaked.

Shelton and Ellis stand by supervising, sheltered by the portico. Colonel Cochrane is there, too, wearing a raincoat over his bathrobe.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED 79

COCHRANE
(to Shelton)
It's midnight, Major. Is this really necessary?

SHELTON
I'm trying to weed out a thief, sir. You've always told me how important it is to uphold the school's code of honor. I'm trying to impress that on the men.

COCHRANE
(sighs)
All right, Shelton. Make your point. But I want everyone inside at oh-one-hundred hours.

SHELTON
Yes, sir.

They salute each other. Then Cochrane stalks off into the building. When he's safely out of sight, Shelton leans conspiratorially toward Ellis.

SHELTON
We have an hour. Let's make it count.

ELLIS
Yes, sir.

SHELTON
Barclay's as good as dead.

Ellis strides out into the RAIN-swept quad. He barks at the marching cadets:

ELLIS
All right, ladies! Move it! Get those guns in the air!

Reluctantly picking up the pace, the cadets start RUNNING around the quad, SPLASHING through the puddles, all the while keeping their rifles hoisted over their heads.

WITH WHITEHURST AND ANDY--as they run; Whitehurst is in front of Andy.

WHITEHURST
I think I'm going to be sick.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED (2) 79

Behind Andy, an angry, resentful CADET lurches forward and deliberately TRIPS our hero. Andy falls face-first into a muddy puddle with a SPLASH.

As the mean cadet steps over Andy, he looks down at him:

CADET
You're history, asshole.

He runs on. A whole line of cadets follow, many making a point to STEP on Andy's hands and feet, or douse him as they SPLASH through the puddle. They mutter "Jerk" and "Asshole" and other such insults as the pass.

Whitehurst pauses to help Andy up.

WHITEHURST
It would be a lot easier for everybody if you'd just give Shelton the doll.

ANDY
I don't have the doll, Whitehurst.
(a beat as he considers)
He got away.

WHITEHURST
Who got away?

ANDY
Chucky. He's going after Johnson now.

Whitehurst just looks at Andy like he's crazy. Then Ellis comes storming over.

ELLIS
What the hell do you think you're doing?! Taking a coffee break?! Get moving!

Andy and Whitehurst have no choice but to follow orders: they hurry to catch the line of running cadets. As they jog at the back of the line:

ANDY (CONT'D)
Whitehurst, where do the little kids sleep?

Whitehurst points to a remote wing of the sprawling complex.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED (3) 79

WHITEHURST
Over there. Why?

ANDY
Cover for me.

And with that, Andy slips between two COLUMNS, disappearing onto the PORTICO that marks the quad's perimeter. Whitehurst runs on with the cadets in the quad.

80 ON THE PORTICO 80

Andy hurries along, hidden from sight by the row of columns. He approaches a door up ahead. He glances over his shoulder, making sure that no one has seen him. Then he turns to face front again...

...and he runs right smack into SHELTON, who PUNCHES him in the stomach! Andy doubles over, the wind knocked out of him.

SHELTON
The party's just getting started, Barclay. You can't leave. You're the guest of honor.

Shelton grabs Andy and shoves him back out into the quad.

81 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - JOHNSON'S ROOM - NIGHT 81

The RAIN pours heavily outside, while Chucky, perched atop a bunk, wielding the bowie knife, pulls back the blankets...

...revealing not a boy, but a pillow, with a NOTE lying conspicuously on top. Chucky grabs it. Written in a childish scrawl, the note reads:

DEAR CHARLES, YOU'RE IT! COME AND FIND ME. YOUR FRIEND, JOHNSON.

Chucky sighs, weary, crumpling the note.

CHUCKY
Shit.

82 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 82

Wielding the bowie knife, Chucky traipses down the corridor

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED 82

in search of Johnson, passing a succession of closed doors, behind which young cadets are presumably sleeping. THUNDER and lightning.

CHUCKY
Where the hell is he?

CAMERA TRACKS with Chucky, moving along just behind him as he walks down the corridor, then moving PAST him and panning back to keep him in the frame. Then ONLY WE see, BEHIND Chucky, down at the mouth of the corridor, JOHNSON suddenly appear in his jammies...

JOHNSON
(sing-song)
Charles!

Chucky starts, glancing behind him: he sees Johnson, beckoning way down at the end of the corridor.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Come and find me!

CHUCKY
No! Get back here--

But Johnson disappears around the corner, giggling as he runs away.

CHUCKY
God damn it.

Chucky hurries after Johnson.

83 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - QUAD - NIGHT 83

The RAIN comes down in sheets as the cadets continue their exhausting march around and around the quad, weary FEET stomping through puddles. Ellis is shadowing Andy, singling him out for special abuse.

ELLIS
Hut! Hut! Get those knees up!

Andy deals with it.

84 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - CLASSROOM - NIGHT 84

A LOW POV--peeks out at the dark classroom from behind a curtain. This stealthy viewpoint must be Chucky's, we assume...

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED 84

...but then the door to the classroom swings open with a CREAK and Chucky himself pads inside. He's wielding the bowie knife. Our POV ducks quickly back behind the curtain.

WITH CHUCKY--as he walks along a row of desks, peering into the nooks and crannies of the dark room. Outside, the RAIN pours.

CHUCKY
(mock friendly)
Johnson! Come out, come out, wherever you are!

No answer. Chucky's getting frustrated.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
I said get out here, you little son-of-a-bitch!

WITH JOHNSON--behind the curtain, he shakes his head in disapproval of Chucky's language, smiling indulgently, chuckling to himself. He's winning! Chucky can't find him! Johnson continues to stand there, hidden behind the curtain.

...and then suddenly the curtain is yanked aside! Johnson gasps.

It's....

85 DE SILVA 85

She's holding Chucky, who's playing the dummy. The KNIFE is nowhere to be seen.

DE SILVA
A-ha!

Behind De Silva, TWO OTHER GIRLS are up to no good, nocturnal mischief-making, drawing cruel caricatures of Sergeant Frazier on the blackboard. De Silva is the only one wearing a nightgown, rather than unisex pajamas.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
(to Johnson)
So you took the doll. Shelton'll skin you alive if he finds out.

JOHNSON
We're playing hide-and-seek. What are you guys doing?

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED 85

SECOND GIRL
(at blackboard)
We couldn't sleep.

De Silva holds Chucky up, admiring him, whisking him through the air, as if dancing.

DE SILVA
Oh, he's soooo cute!

JOHNSON
He's my best friend.

DE SILVA
What's his name?

JOHNSON
Ask him yourself.

DE SILVA
Oh yeah.
(to Chucky)
What's your name, doll?

Forced to play the dummy, Chucky maintains his Good Guy composure: he swivels his head, clicks his eyes, and bleats:

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
Hi! I'm Chucky, and I'm your friend to the end! Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha!

DE SILVA
I love it!

JOHNSON
His real name is Charles Lee Ray.

DE SILVA
(sitting in a desk chair)
Is that right?

De Silva sets Chucky on her lap. Then, she whips out her lipstick...and starts lovingly making up Chucky's mouth! Chucky has no choice but to put up with this abuse.

JOHNSON
Don't! What are you doing?

De Silva glides the lipstick along the contours of Chucky's mouth, finishing up with a fluorish. Chucky looks truly ridiculous with his new ruby-red, kissy-face lips.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED (2) 85

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
He looks stupid!

DE SILVA
No he doesn't. He looks sweet.

The THIRD GIRL, glancing out the window, down into the quad, one floor below, is suddenly alarmed:

THIRD GIRL
Uh-oh. They're coming in.

86 GIRL'S POV THROUGH THE WINDOW 86

looking down at the RAIN-swept quad as the soaking wet boys file back into the building.

87 BACK TO SCENE 87

as the girls react, heading out. De Silva hands the doll back to Johnson.

DE SILVA
Let's get out of here.

They all flee the room...

88 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - SECOND-FLOOR DORM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 88

The first two giggling girls appear from around a corner and run in one direction down the corridor; De Silva and Johnson, carrying Chucky, take off in the other direction.

De Silva and Johnson approach the top of a winding staircase. They're about to start down when a troop of boys, visible through the balustrade down at the bottom of the staircase, starts up. The boys haven't seen De Silva and Johnson, who stop dead in their tracks.

DE SILVA
About face.

89 DE SILVA 89

takes Johnson's hand and leads him back down the corridor. At the far end of the hallway, they approach the top of ANOTHER winding staircase...and Shelton is already on his way up. He hasn't seen them...yet.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED 89

JOHNSON
It's Shelton!

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
Shit.

Thinking fast, De Silva swipes Chucky out of Johnson's hands...and shoves the doll into an adjacent LAUNDRY CHUTE in the wall! Chucky drops out of sight.

89A INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE 89A

INSERT--CHUCKY'S POV plummetting down the narrow, dark laundry chute. The bottom zooms up at us with a THUMP.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Ow!

89B INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - SECOND-FLOOR DORM CORRIDOR - NIGHT 89B

BACK TO De Silva and Johnson.

DE SILVA
You can pick him up later.

Shelton crests the stairs, encountering Johnson and De Silva.

SHELTON
(to De Silva)
Aren't you lost?

DE SILVA
Johnson was sleepwalking again.

Johnson feigns a yawn. Shelton brushes past them, apparently buying their story.

SHELTON
Get the hell out of my sight.

De Silva and Johnson breathe a sigh of relief. They hurry down the stairs.

90 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 90

In the dark, drab laundry room filled with rumbling, churning, industrial-sized washers and dryers, there's a small DOOR, the BOTTOM of the LAUNDRY CHUTE. The door is LATCHED SHUT.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED 90

From inside the chute come the sounds of frantic BANGING; the little door jostles violently but remains locked.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
Open up!

91 INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE - NIGHT 91

Inside the cramped dark laundry chute, amidst a pile of dirty clothes, Chucky pounds furiously on the door.

CHUCKY
Somebody open the fucking door!

No answer. Chucky stops pounding. He's pissed. He pulls the bowie knife out of its hiding place in his overalls.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
This means war.

Suddenly, the little door is UNLATCHED from outside. It CREAKS open...

92 INT. BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 92

...Chucky peeks out from inside the laundry chute. He sees no one...but then he hears JOHNSON'S VOICE, giggling as it recedes...

JOHNSON (O.S.)
You're still it, Charles! Come and find me!

Chucky scowls furiously.

CHUCKY
(to himself)
Kid, you're gonna find out what a sore loser I am.

He starts to climb out of the chute.

93 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - NIGHT 93

The RAIN pours on, pelting the venerable buildings.

94 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - COCHRANE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 94

Lightning flashes on the TOY SOLDIERS displayed in the glass cabinets, spotlighting their tiny weapons and their variously offensive and defensive postures.

Then the door to the corridor is angrily kicked open: it's Chucky, now ready to kick some ass.

CHUCKY
(through clenched teeth)
Olly-olly-oxen free!

No answer. Chucky creeps into the room, closing the door behind him.

Creeping through the room, Chucky searches for Johnson beneath tables and behind chairs. Outside, the RAIN pours on..

Then, ONLY WE SEE, in the tight space beneath Cochrane's massive desk, JOHNSON hiding, holding his breath.

Chucky is making his way toward the desk. It's only a matter of seconds before he'll discover the boy.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
(sing-song)
Johnson, I'm gonna get you...

Suddenly the DOOR OPENS. It's COLONEL COCHRANE, in his bathrobe. Chucky ducks out of sight.

Cochrane switches on a lamp. He moves to his desk and starts opening and closing drawers, obviously searching for something.

UNDER THE DESK--Johnson quakes, fearing that Cochrane will see him, and fearing the consequences.

BACK TO COCHRANE--as he continues searching through drawers...and then, he hears a PITTER-PAT, the distinct sound of FOOTSTEPS. He looks up, startled.

COCHRANE
Who's there?

No answer. Cochrane peers across the room but sees nothing. Then--PITTER-PAT! Cochrane starts, whirling in the direction of the sound.

It came from over by the CLOSET, the door to which is slightly ajar.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED 94

Stepping out from behind the desk, Cochrane moves quietly toward the closet. We view his progress through the glass display cases, looking past the myriad toy soldiers.

THUNDER booms and lightning strobes. Cochrane approaches the closet. He grabs the door knob. Then he quickly yanks the door open...

...revealing nothing out of the ordinary inside the closet --just hanging garments. Chucky could be hiding behind them, but Cochrane would never expect it.

Cochrane turns his back to the closet, leaving himself vulnerable to attack from within. He glances about the room. No sign of the intruder. THUNDER booms and lightning flashes. Cochrane turns back to the closet. He shrugs, then closes the door...

...revealing, with shocking surprise, CHUCKY, wielding the bowie knife, standing on a SHELF lined with trophies, previously hidden by the open closet door!

Cochrane yelps in terror. Eye-to-eye with the killer doll, he stares, in shock. Chucky, knife upraised, is about to strike...when Cochrane suddenly winces in evident pain. He clutches his chest and sags toward the floor, gasping in agony.

Chucky watches this spectacle with incredulous, raised eyebrows.

CHUCKY
You gotta be fucking kiddin' me.

It's true: Cochrane is having a HEART ATTACK, brought on by the mere sight of Chucky! The Colonel collapses to the floor and breathes his last, gasping breath, a terrible hiss. Then he breathes no more.

Hopping down to the floor, Chucky studies the dead man, his wide-open eyes staring sightlessly at the ceiling, his final expression one of pure agony...and terror...as if he'd seen something that he just couldn't live with.

Chucky frowns.

CHUCKY
Aw, that's no fun!

BEHIND Chucky, Johnson climbs out from beneath the desk, staring at Cochrane's body, terrified. He bolts out of the room before Chucky knows he's there.

JOHNSON
Help! Help!

95 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 95

Paramedics carry Cochrane's body out of the building on a stretcher, past several mournful cadets wearing bathrobes--Shelton, Ellis, etc. The body is loaded into an AMBULANCE, as the boys look on sadly.

SHELTON
The man was an animal. He was strong as an ox, he lived through two wars.

ELLIS
They said his heart just gave out.

SHELTON
But why? Why now?

The ambulance roars off into the night, SIREN wailing, red lights flashing. COP CARS are also in evidence.

A POLICEMAN is writing on a clipboard as he leads Johnson down the hallway, questioning him. They pass by Andy and Whitehurst. Andy listens as they move down the hallway:

POLICEMAN
What were you doing up?

JOHNSON
I was playing hide-and-seek.

POLICEMAN
Who with?

JOHNSON
With Charles.

POLICEMAN
And who might that be?

JOHNSON
He's my new best friend.

Andy overhears this exchange, very concerned.

ANDY
(incredulous)
"Charles?"

96 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - DAWN 96

A spritely version of "REVEILLE" is heard, as the early morning sun shines down upon the stately buildings.

97 INT. MILITARY ACADEMY - MESS HALL - DAY 97

A long, lofty room with evenly spaced tables, where scores of cadets are seated, eating breakfast. Sundry FLAGS hang from the walls, along the entire length of the room.

Botnick, the barber, walks purposefully down the center aisle, glancing to and fro, on the lookout for long hair. He pauses before one CADET, fingering his buzz-cut with distaste.

BOTNICK
Getting pretty shaggy, Nelson. I want to see you by Friday.

CADET
Yes, sir.

Botnick moves on. He points an accusing finger at another cadet as he passes.

BOTNICK
Monday, Fabrizzio.

Botnick moves on. Finally, he comes upon Whitehurst, sitting off by himself, ever the outsider. Whitehurst tenses up. Botnick looks at him with contempt, rudely grabbing at his hair.

BOTNICK (CONT'D)
Look at you, Whitehurst, you're a disgrace. When was the last time you had a trim?

WHITEHURST
Two weeks ago, sir. I think.

BOTNICK
You "think." I want to see you right after breakfast. Understand?

WHITEHURST
Yes, sir, Sergeant Botnick.

Botnick moves on, passing Andy, who's walking in the opposite direction, carrying a full breakfast tray. CAMERA STAYS WITH ANDY. As he makes his way down the aisle, a FOOT is suddenly extended in his path: Andy trips and goes sprawling, dropping his tray, food flying everywhere.

The entire mess hall breaks into laughter. Andy, furious, turns to see who his tormentor is this time...but it's impossible to distinguish that from the sea of unfriendly faces. Everybody, it seems, hates him.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED 97

Andy salvages what he can of his breakfast, then resumes carrying his tray. Nobody wants Andy to sit next to them. Andy doesn't care. He makes a bee-line for the LITTLE KIDS' TABLE, those cadets of elementary school-age.

Andy looks incongruously, amusingly big as he sits down next to Johnson. Johnson is playing with his computer game while he eats.

JOHNSON
Hi, Barclay.
(looking at the mess on Andy's tray)
What happened?

ANDY
Never mind. I've got to talk to you about Chucky.

JOHNSON
You mean Charles?

ANDY
Whatever. Have you seen him?

JOHNSON
Not since last night.

ANDY
He's hiding somewhere. He's going to lay low until he knows you're alone, and then he's going to come after you.

JOHNSON
(nodding)
He wants to play "Hide the Soul."

ANDY
Listen to me, Johnson. No matter what he says, no matter what he promises you, you've got to stay away from him. Don't let him fool you. He's bad.

JOHNSON
Charles isn't bad. He's a good guy. It says so on his shirt.

ANDY
He lies, Johnson. Believe me, he's bad news. He's hurt a lot of people.

CONTINUED

97 CONTINUED (2) 97

JOHNSON
(getting angry)
My dad says, If you can't say something nice about someone, don't say anything at all.
(standing)
You're just jealous 'cause he's my best friend now instead of yours.

Johnson takes off in a huff, leaving Andy alone.

98 INT. BASEMENT BARBER SHOP - DAY 98

A white apron is suddenly draped over Whitehurst with a flourish; he's captive in the barber chair, eyes wide with apprehension.

The ELECTRIC RAZOR is clicked on: it whines up to speed.

Botnick, wielding the buzzing RAZOR, brings it toward Whitehurst's vulnerable scalp. Sucking on a cigarette, whistling while he works, Botnick pares away Whitehurst's already spiky hair.

BOTNICK
Whitehurst, you are the sorriest excuse for a soldier I have ever seen.

Whitehurst says nothing. Botnick cuts away. Tufts of hair drop to the tiled floor.

BOTNICK (CONT'D)
Face it. You're not cut out for this. Why don't you do yourself a favor and leave Glencoe?

WHITEHURST
If I had any choice in the matter, I would.

BOTNICK
Smart-ass.

Finished with the haircut, Botnick whips the apron off Whitehurst.

BOTNICK (CONT'D)
Presto. You're bald.

Botnick chuckles sadistically. Whitehurst stares at himself in the facing mirrors: he sees an infinity of Whitehursts, all sporting fresh buzz-cuts. He frowns,

climbs down from the barber chair, and leaves.

99 BOTNICK 99

dumps Whitehurst's hair into a waste basket, then starts cleaning up. He unplugs the razor, then opens a CABINET, obviously used for storage.

Kneeling to the floor, Botnick reeeeaches into the dark cabinet in order to store the razor...when suddenly he flinches, as if bit.

BOTNICK
Ow! What the hell...?

What the hell, indeed. Peering into the cabinet, Botnick reeeaches back...

...and pulls out CHUCKY, who's playing dead, smiling his innocuous Good Guy smile.

BOTNICK (CONT'D)
How'd you get in there?

Standing, Botnick holds Chucky at arm's length, studying him, amused. He's seen these things on TV. Feeling a bit foolish, glancing about to make sure no one's around, Botnick speaks to Chucky:

BOTNICK
Hi.

Chucky swivels his head mechanically, clicks his eyes and bleats:

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
Hi! I'm Chucky! And I'm you're friend to the end! Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha!

Botnick laughs. Then, he studies Chucky's longish, wild red hair. He's still holding the electric razor in his other hand.

BOTNICK
That hair ain't regulation, Chucky. How long's it been since you had a trim?

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
Hey! Wanna play?

Botnick laughs.

BOTNICK
You asked for it.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED 99

Botnick plugs in the razor. He clicks it on. It whines up to speed...

Still holding the doll at arm's length, Botnick brings the whining electric RAZOR toward Chucky's hair...

...and then in a shocking flash of movement Chucky reaches out and grabs a sharp silver STRAIGHT RAZOR hanging on the wall, and in a single savage stroke, he SLICES Botnick's throat!

Botnick's eyes go wide with shock and pain. He stares in disbelief at the doll in his hands, now terrifyingly alive. He crumples to the floor, dead, dropping the electric RAZOR, which buzzes on the tiles, as if alive itself..

Chucky hops down to the floor. Grabbing the still buzzing RAZOR, he approaches Botnick's lifeless body, the cut throat streaming blood onto the tiled floor, the eyes staring sightlessly.

CHUCKY
A little off the top?

Chucky cackles, then peers intently at the body.

CHUCKY
Nah. Too easy. I think you need a <u>whole new image</u>.

Chucky, cackling maniacally, brings the whining RAZOR toward Botnick's head, and starts giving the dead man a hair-cut!

Chucky steps back to view his handiwork, studying Botnick as if he were studying a work of art.

CHUCKY
Oh, it's <u>definitely</u> you.

Chucky cackles psychotically.

100 WITH WHITEHURST 100

as he enters again.

WHITEHURST
Sergeant Botnick, I forgot my hat--

Whitehurst is stunned to see Botnick lying there, dead...and Chucky alive beside him, wielding the buzzing RAZOR. Whitehurst can't believe his eyes.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

CHUCKY
Boo!

Terrified, Whitehurst flees. Chucky chuckles.

101 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - QUAD - DAY 101

The entire corps of cadets, ages seven to seventeen, are assembled on the quad--half on one side, half on the other. The troops are being addressed by SGT. CLARK.

CLARK
Our school has suffered a terrible loss. But I know that Colonel Cochrane would never under any circumstances want us to deviate from our timetable. Therefore, the war games will proceed as scheduled.

The troops applaud.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Cadet Major Shelton will command the blue team. Sergeant Clarke will head up the reds.

Clark holds up two flags--one blue, one red.

CLARK (CONT'D)
The objective is simple: to capture the other team's flag, and bring it safely back here to base.

Clark holds up a 22-calibre rifle.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You'll pick up your weapons in the armory before moving out. You'll be using the standard-issue 22-calibre semi-automatic. Your ammo...

Clark suddenly FIRES the rifle at a wall: a splotch of RED PAINT explodes there.

CLARK (CONT'D)
If you get hit, you're dead. Hike back to base. Any questions?

There are none.

CONTINUED

101 CONTINUED 101

CLARK (CONT'D)
Good. Company commanders, assemble your men. And women.

Shelton and Ellis take center stage.

ELLIS
Sound off!

The troops start sounding off, each cadet shouting his name in turn.

Then Whitehurst, ever the laggard, comes running into the quad.

SHELTON
Whitehurst, where the hell have you been?

WHITEHURST
I...uh...bathroom, sir!

SHELTON
Whitehurst, I swear to God, you're pathetic.

Whitehurst takes his place in the ranking, standing beside Andy and De Silva, looking sweaty and anxious. Andy and De Silva wear BLUE ARM BANDS. De Silva tosses Whitehurst a blue arm band. He clumsily starts donning it.

DE SILVA
Nice haircut.

Whitehurst says nothing. He's obviously upset about something.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
What's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost.

WHITEHURST
Nothing. Nothing's wrong.

Andy can see that something is plainly wrong. Then he glances across the quad, where the red team is assembled. Johnson is among them, donning a RED ARM BAND.

CUT TO:

102 INT. ARMORY - DAY - CHUCKY'S POV 102

peering out a window into the quad, where the troops are sounding off. Then the viewpoint MOVES away from the window, on a mission...

103 OBJECTIVE SHOT 103

as Chucky moves through what is basically a warehouse for storing weaponry--rifles, shells, grenades, etc. Chucky grabs a grenade, and pockets it inside his overalls. Then he grabs a bunch of SHELLS--REAL AMMO for the rifles.

Chucky approaches a wall, against which dozens of 22-calibre RIFLES are leaning. The rifles sport RED MARKINGS. A prominent sign on the wall reads "RED TEAM."

Chucky grabs a rifle, opens it up, REMOVES THE RED PAINT PELLETS...and starts replacing them with REAL SHELLS!

Chucky cackles, thoroughly amused.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 EXT. MILITARY ACADEMY - FIELDS - DAY 104

AN OVERHEAD VIEW shows two separate columns of cadets marching in opposite directions into a thick, adjacent FOREST.

105 WITH ANDY, WHITEHURST, AND DE SILVA 105

Silhouetted against the morning sun, they march across the field toward the forest, humping heavy packs and carrying their rifles, which bear blue markings.

Andy pauses. Using a pair of BINOCULARS, he scans the horizon for the Red Team. He finds them.

106 INSERT - EXT. RED TEAM 106

He zeroes in on Johnson, marching among the group.

107 ANDY 107

lowers the binoculars, a look of concern on his face. Then he notices that Whitehurst is at his side, still visibly upset.

WHITEHURST
He should be okay...until tonight.

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED 107

Whitehurst abruptly heads off. Andy hurries to catch him.

ANDY
Whitehurst, what's going on?

Whitehurst says nothing. But Andy understands.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You saw something, didn't you? You saw Chucky.

Whitehurst remains grimly silent, marching along.

ANDY
Don't wimp out on me now, Whitehurst. I need your help. That kid needs your help.

Whitehurst suddenly turns on Andy, an almost violent outburst:

WHITEHURST
I didn't see anything, okay? I didn't see anything at all.

Shelton approaches, angry at seeing the guys conversing..

SHELTON
Whitehurst! Take the point.

WHITEHURST
Yes, sir!

Whitehurst uncharacteristically breaks into a run, heading for the front of the marching troops, leaving Andy alone and troubled.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. FOREST - BLUE TEAM'S CAMP - NIGHT 108

A CAMPFIRE blazes. A dozen or so cadets sit around the fire, including Andy, Whitehurst, De Silva and her friends. Shelton stokes the fire; Ellis approaches with an armful of fresh logs. Andy is evidently distracted. In the background, we see that myriad TENTS have been pitched in the area.

De Silva is telling a story, thoroughly enjoying herself:

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED 108

DE SILVA
...then the babysitter hears a thump-thump-thumping, like something being dragged across the floor upstairs. And then she thinks to herself, "I haven't checked the children." So she hurries to the stairs...and up at the top, she sees her boyfriend...completely dismembered...dragging himself along the floor with his chin.
(miming the action with her chin)
"Thump. Thump. Thump."

GIRL
That's gross.

109 CHUCKY'S POV 109

peering out from the woods, spying on the kids around the camp fire as they debate the merits of De Silva's story.

110 BACK TO THE KIDS 110

Andy doesn't look like he much enjoyed the story.

DE SILVA
(turning to Andy)
Your turn, Barclay. You got a scary story?

Andy looks across the campfire at Whitehurst; their eyes meet, but then Whitehurst quickly looks away.

ANDY
(quietly)
No.

DE SILVA
Oh, come on.

ANDY
Sorry.
(standing)
I'm going for a walk.

Andy starts ambling away, down a path. Shelton, standing dramatically before the roaring campfire, barks at him:

SHELTON
Barclay!

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED 110

Andy freezes, turns.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
Don't wander off. Lights out in ten minutes.

Andy continues up the path, heading up the side of a BLUFF. Another cadet starts in with a new story. De Silva, concerned, gets to her feet and follows Andy. Whitehurst stews in his own cowardice.

111 CHUCKY'S POV 111

skulking along through the woods, following De Silva and Andy from a safe distance as they head up the side of a BLUFF.

112 EXT. FOREST - BLUFF - NIGHT 112

Andy climbs to the top of the bluff. De Silva isn't far behind.

DE SILVA
Was it something I said?

Andy turns, sees that she's following, and slows down so she can catch up.

ANDY
No. I'm sorry.

Still climbing, they reach the top of the bluff. It affords a...

113 INSERT POV 113

...spectacular panoramic view of the forest spread out below, and not far in the distance, the festive lights and giddy CALLIOPE MUSIC of an AMUSEMENT PARK beckon with the allure of innocent, untroubled pleasure.

114 THE KIDS 114

look out at the amusement park, which is dominated by the lofty peaks and plunging valleys of a rollercoaster, festooned with blinking lights. The thrilled SCREAMING of the rollercoaster riders can be heard over the distant sound of the CALLIOPE.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED 114

DE SILVA
Reminds me of this place my dad used to take me. I always wanted to go on the tea cups. He always wanted me to test my strength with those mallets.

Andy laughs. Suddenly there's a RUSTLING from the woods. Andy starts.

ANDY
Listen.

Nothing.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Somebody's there.

DE SILVA
It's just a chipmunk or something.

Andy listens, ear cocked toward the woods. Nothing. He turns to De Silva.

ANDY
De Silva, where do you think the red team camped out?

DE SILVA
Could be anywhere. Shelton'll find them. He always does.

They turn their attention back to the distant amusement park. It's a dazzling, romantic sight.

DE SILVA (CONT'D)
By the way, you can call me Kristin.

ANDY
What?

DE SILVA
Kristin. That's my first name. You got one?

ANDY
Andy.

She extends her hand.

DE SILVA
Good to meet you, Andy.

Andy smiles.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED (2) 114

ANDY
Likewise, Kristin.

They shake hands, a pact of friendship, with the lights of the amusement park dazzling in the background.

115 CHUCKY'S POV 115

lurking in the woods, spying on Andy and De Silva.

116 OBJECTIVE SHOT - CHUCKY 116

scowling cynically.

CHUCKY
Isn't that sweet.

Then he heads off into the woods...

117 BACK TO THE KIDS 117

as FOOTSTEPS approach from behind them. Andy starts, whirling toward the sound. It's only Shelton, cresting the bluff.

SHELTON
Break it up. Lights out. We're moving out at dawn.

Andy and De Silva head back down the bluff.

118 INT. ANDY AND WHITEHURST'S TENT - NIGHT 118

A bit later. A single kerosene lamp lights the tent. Whitehurst is lying back in his sleeping bag, unable to sleep, looking like the weight of the world is on his shoulders. Andy is still fully dressed, peering out of the tent through the flap.

119 ANDY'S POV OF THE CAMP 119

as the campfire burns weakly, and a single Cadet marches back and forth, on patrol.

120 BACK TO ANDY 120

as he turns away from the flap and hefts his pack, strapping it onto his back.

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED 120

WHITEHURST
What are you doing?

ANDY
I'm going after Johnson.

WHITEHURST
Are you crazy? You can get expelled for going AWOL. Besides, you'll never find them.

ANDY
Wanna bet?

Andy pulls out a MAP.

WHITEHURST (CONT'D)
What's that?

ANDY
I swiped it from Shelton's tent. He sent out a reconnaissance mission right after we pitched camp.
(points to an area on the map)
The red team's somewhere around here.
(pockets the map)
Somebody's gotta do it, Whitehurst. That kid is a sitting duck. Now are you with me or not?

Whitehurst can't look Andy in the eye.

WHITEHURST
You know, after sixteen years of people telling you you're a wimp, you start to believe it yourself.
(a beat)
I'm sorry. I can't.

Andy looks at Whitehurst with anger and sadness. Then he grabs his rifle and slips out of the tent, leaving Whitehurst, alone and miserable with his cowardice.

121 EXT FOREST - BLUE TEAM'S CAMP - NIGHT 121

Andy slips out of his tent and into the forest without attracting the attention of the cadet on watch.

122 EXT. FOREST II - NIGHT 122

Later. Andy, toting his rifle, and humping his pack, hikes through the woods in search of the red team. He pauses to refer to the MAP, then heads on.

As Andy moves on past CAMERA, ONLY WE see CHUCKY as he momentarily peeks out from INSIDE ANDY'S PACK, grinning devilishly, reaching up to pull the flap closed as he ducks back inside.

123 INT. ANDY AND WHITEHURST'S TENT - NIGHT 123

A troubled Whitehurst lies back in his sleeping bag, still unable to sleep. Then a flashlight's beam cuts through the darkness, falling harshly on Whitehurst's face. He squints through the glare: it's Shelton.

SHELTON
Up and at 'em, ladies. We're moving out.

WHITEHURST
(alarmed for Andy)
But I thought we weren't going 'till dawn.

SHELTON
Someone stole a very important map out of my tent, Whitehurst. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

Whitehurst says nothing. Then Shelton notices Andy's absence: he shines the flashlight about the tent. Andy's not there.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
Where the hell is Barclay?

Whitehurst says nothing.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
I knew it. That fucking traitor took the map. He's doubling for the reds!
(a beat)
Well, have we got a surprise for them.
(a beat)
Be ready to move out in five minutes.

He bolts away.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED 123

WHITEHURST
Shit.

Whitehurst hurries out of the sleeping bag.

124 INT. JOHNSON'S TENT - NIGHT 124

Johnson is sound asleep in his sleeping bag. His roommate is sleeping as well. Then A SHADOW falls across Johnson's sleeping form.

ANDY (O.S.)
Johnson.

No response.

ANDY (O.S.)
Johnson. Wake up!

Johnson wakes, wiping the sleep from his eyes. He looks up to see ANDY standing over him, holding his rifle, his pack on his back. Johnson gasps suddenly, about to alert his roommate...

ANDY (CONT'D)
Uh-uh.

He points the rifle at Johnson. The kid freezes, hands in the air.

JOHNSON
I'm cool.

ANDY
Get dressed. You're coming with me.

Johnson stares at the rifle.

125 EXT. FOREST III - NIGHT 125

Shelton leads the blue team--Ellis, Whitehurst, De Silva, etc.--on an urgent march through the woods. They carry their rifles.

SHELTON
We're almost there, people! Let's fan out! De Silva, take the left flank! Emerson, you got the right!
(tosses De Silva a WALKIE-TALKIE)
Check in every five minutes.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED 125

The cadets disperse appropriately. De Silva checks her WALKIE-TALKIE, then dashes off to the left, disappearing into the woods. The troops march on.

Whitehurst, bringing up the rear, huffs and puffs.

SHELTON (O.S.)
Whitehurst!

Whitehurst wearily ups his pace.

126 EXT. FOREST IV - NIGHT 126

Andy and Johnson--now dressed--move through the woods, Andy keeping the rifle trained on the kid.

JOHNSON
Where are you taking me?

ANDY
Anywhere. Back to school, maybe. It doesn't matter. You just can't be left alone.

JOHNSON
I don't get your strategy.

ANDY
It's called survival.

Johnson pauses.

JOHNSON
I have to take a leak.

Sighing, Andy pauses.

ANDY
Me, too.

He pulls his pack off his back and drops it to the ground. Johnson, meanwhile, slips BEHIND A TREE to tend to business. We hear the UNZIPPING of his fly.

Leaving his pack on the ground, Andy slips BEHIND ANOTHER TREE. We hear the UNZIPPING of his fly, then a distinct PISSING.

Then, CAMERA MOVES away from Andy, zeroing in on his PACK on the ground. The flap is OPEN. CHUCKY IS GONE!...

WITH JOHNSON BEHIND HIS TREE--as he ZIPS his fly. He turns...and with shocking surprise there's Chucky!

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED 126

Johnson gasps. Chucky holds a finger to his lips: "Sssh." Johnson smiles.

WITH ANDY BEHIND HIS TREE--as he zips his fly.

ANDY
Let's go, Johnson.

He walks around the tree and back to his pack, which he is puzzled to find OPEN.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Johnson?

No answer. Suddenly panicked, Andy bolts around to the other side of Johnson's tree...only to find that JOHNSON IS GONE.

Andy glances about, peering into the dark forest. No sign of Johnson.

ANDY
(calling out)
Johnson!

Andy's voice ECHOES through the forest. No reply from Johnson.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Oh, my God.

127 EXT. FOREST V - NIGHT 127

Johnson, carrying Chucky, walks through the dense forest.

JOHNSON
That was a close one. Thanks for rescuing me.

CHUCKY
Don't mention it.

JOHNSON
Which way is the camp, do you think?

CHUCKY
I thought you wanted to play.

JOHNSON
"Hide the Soul?" All right!

Suddenly, Johnson TRIPS; he and Chucky go sprawling on the ground...

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED 127

...and so does Chucky's BOWIE KNIFE.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
You okay?

He's about to get up.when he sees Chucky hastily grab the knife. Chucky tries to hide it behind his back...

JOHNSON
Hey. What's the knife for?

CHUCKY
What knife?

JOHNSON
You're hiding it behind your back.

Chucky has no choice but to reveal the big sharp knife.

CHUCKY
Oh. You mean this knife.

Johnson is very confused.

JOHNSON
(meekly)
Charles?

CHUCKY
Stop calling me that!

Then, Johnson understands. He slowly starts backing away.

JOHNSON
Barclay was right. You're not a Good Guy.

Chucky advances.

CHUCKY
Sorry, kid. You got me.
(brandishing the knife before him)
I'm bad.

Terrified, Johnson takes off stumbling into the woods.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Get back here!

Chucky takes off after Johnson.

128 WITH JOHNSON 128

As he tears through the woods, fleeing from Chucky, running for his life. He hears the spooky HOOT of an owl, and the chilling cry of a HAWK. Scary forest sounds.

Suddenly, Johnson TRIPS, and sprawls on the ground with an "Oomph!" Getting his bearings, he's about to scramble to his feet when he hears, from somewhere in the woods behind him:

CHUCKY (O.S.)
(sing-song)
I'm gonna find you, Johnson!.

Panicked, Johnson notices a large HOLE in the ground nearby. A FOXHOLE. Johnson climbs into the hole, pulling in leaves to cover himself up. Soon he's undetectable.

129 WITH CHUCKY 129

As he traipses through the forest, knife in hand, in search of Johnson.

CHUCKY
Come out, come out, wherever you are!

No response. Chucky is nearing the camouflaged hole.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Olly-olly-oxen free!

The search has become a macabre parody of a hide-and-seek game.

130 IN THE HOLE - JOHNSON 130

quakes in fear. He can hear Chucky's FOOTSTEPS up above, rustling through the leaves.

CHUCKY (O.S.)
I'm gonna get you...

131 BACK TO CHUCKY 131

as he walks right on past the hole, failing to spot it.

CHUCKY
Where are you, you little shit?

132 EXT. FOREST VI - NIGHT 132

Andy races through the woods, desperately searching for Johnson. He pauses, panting.

ANDY
(calling out)
Johnson!

No reply. Andy starts running again...but then he hears a RUSTLING, coming from the darkness of the forest. Andy freezes.

ANDY
Johnson?

No reply...but then blinding FLASHLIGHTS suddenly assault Andy from all angles. He covers his eyes...

When Andy looks up, he sees that the two dozen members of the blue team, led by Shelton, have surrounded him and are closing in. They're all carrying their rifles.

SHELTON
We've been looking for you.

Andy's trapped. He looks to Whitehurst for help, but Whitehurst quickly looks away.

Shelton turns to Ellis.

SHELTON (CONT'D)
Call in the flanks.

ELLIS
Yes, sir.

Ellis barks into his WALKIE-TALKIE:

ELLIS
De Silva! Emerson! Do you copy?

133 EXT. FOREST VII - NIGHT 133

De Silva is alone, moving through the woods with her rifle, still covering the left flank.

Then, the WALKIE-TALKIE on her belt starts to squak:

EMERSON (O.S.)
(over walkie-talkie)
De Silva! Do you copy?

CONTINUED

133 CONTINUED 133

As De Silva grabs her walkie-talkie, ONLY WE see, on a tree branch above her head, CHUCKY perched, wielding the bowie knife, ready to pounce! De Silva is oblivious.

De Silva is about to speak into the walkie-talkie when Chucky LEAPS down upon her back with a fierce cry, sending her sprawling to the ground. The walkie-talkie falls, too.

De Silva struggles to free herself from the two-foot leech that's attached to her, clinging to her neck, furiously kicking its little legs. But Chucky won't let go.

As they struggle, the dropped walkie-talkie continues to squak:

ELLIS (O.S.)
(over walkie-talkie)
De Silva, come in!

Chucky gets the upper-hand: with De Silva flat on her back, Chucky menaces her throat with the tip of the bowie knife. De Silva is terrified; she can't believe her eyes.

CHUCKY
We have to stop meeting like this.

134 EXT. FOREST V - NIGHT 134

Andy is the prisoner of Shelton and the blue team. They're marching through the forest...

SHELTON
You have any idea what we do to traitors, Barclay? You have any clue?

ANDY
Shelton, you're making a mistake. You've got to let me go!

SHELTON
When hell freezes over.

Andy turns to Whitehurst.

ANDY
Come on, Whitehurst. Back me up!

Whitehurst says nothing, just looks at the ground. Then Ellis hurries over to Shelton from the rear.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED 134

ELLIS
Emerson's on his way back, sir. But no word from De Silva.

They're marching along...and then with shocking surprise JOHNSON pops up from his hiding place in the hole, startling everybody! Shelton grabs him.

SHELTON
Well, what do you know. Looks like we got ourselves a POW.

ANDY
Johnson, are you okay?

JOHNSON
You were right, Barclay! Charles is bad! He tried to hurt me!

SHELTON
Who the hell is Charles?

Suddenly Ellis's WALKIE-TALKIE crackles:

CHUCKY (O.S.)
(on walkie-tallkie)
Attention, Barclay. I'm waiting in the cabin at the bottom of the hill. Bring the kid to me, or you'll be sorry.

SHELTON
Who's that?

JOHNSON
It's Charles.

Andy grabs the walkie-talkie.

ANDY
(into walkie-talkie)
Forget it.

CHUCKY
Think it over, piss-ant. I've got something you want.

Suddenly, over the walkie-talkie, comes the sound of De Silva's frightened, anxious voice:

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED (2) 134

DE SILVA
(over walkie-talkie)
Barclay! Don't do it!

CHUCKY
(over walkie-talkie)
Hear that, Barclay?

Shelton grabs the walkie-talkie from Andy.

SHELTON
I've got to hand it to them. It's brilliant. A prisoner exchange.
(to the troops)
We're moving in.

135 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 135

De Silva sits in a chair, terrified. Chucky controls her with a HAND GRENADE, teasingly pulling the pin out, in, out, in.

Then Chucky tweaks the dial of a nearby RADIO.

CHUCKY
Red team, come in. Come in, red team.

CLARKE (O.S.)
(over radio)
This is red team. Over.

CHUCKY
We got a situation here up at the cabin. Advise you to move your troops in.

CLARKE (O.S.)
(over radio)
Copy that. Over and out.

Chucky chuckles, then turns to De Silva, toying with the GRENADE again.

CHUCKY
Now just sit back and watch the sparks fly.

136 EXT. FOREST - CABIN - NIGHT 136

Shelton, Andy, Johnson, Whitehurst, and the other blue team members close in on the old, abandoned CABIN.

SHELTON
(to Andy and Johnson)
You two go inside.

ANDY
He'll kill us!

SHELTON
It's only paint, Barclay. We'll cover for you.

Shelton and his team fan out, surrounding the cabin, as Andy and Johnson walk apprehensively toward the cabin.

137 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 137

De Silva is sitting in a chair beside Chucky. She looks scared to death. Then the door opens: it's Andy and Johnson.

CHUCKY
Now just walk away, Barclay.

ANDY
No.

CHUCKY
I think you better do what I say.

Chucky holds out the GRENADE. All he has to do is pull the pin, and it's all over.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Over here, kid.

Johnson has no choice but to start walking across the room toward Chucky.

Then suddenly SHELTON appears at a window, rifle aimed at Chucky, but De Silva's in the way!

SHELTON
De Silva! Duck!

She does. BOOM! Shelton FIRES. RED PAINT splatters on Chucky. Only now does Shelton see Chucky clearly.

SHELTON
What the hell?

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED 137

Suddenly the windows SHATTER from the force of real bullets. It's the red team: their members appear at other windows and start FIRING at the blue...with real bullets! Glass breaks, etc. Pandemonium.

Shelton is hit square in the chest. He falls to the floor, dead.

One bullet catches Chucky in the arm, knocking him to the floor.

He drops the grenade!

De Silva sees the grenade. Her eyes go wide with terror. Andy sees what's about to happen, but he's too far away to do anything about it...

ANDY
De Silva! No!

Then WHITEHURST suddenly comes crashing through the already shattered window, intentionally diving RIGHT ON THE GRENADE...

...as it EXPLODES. His body bears the brunt of the explosion.

ANDY
No!

Andy crawls over to the body. Whitehurst is dead.

DE SILVA
He saved my life...

ANDY
Where's Chucky?

Chucky is gone.

DE SILVA
Where's Johnson?

138 POV 138

They look out the shattered window to see Johnson, running for his life from Chucky through the forest.

139 ANDY 139

ANDY
Let's go.

CONTINUED

139 CONTINUED 139

DE SILVA
I think so.

The take off, out of the cabin, into the forest, to Johnson's rescue.

140 EXT. FOREST/RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 140

Johnson, running for his life, emerges from the woods, stumbling out onto the edge of the rural road, just as a CAR is zooming past, headlights blazing. Johnson frantically tries to wave it down:

JOHNSON
Stop! Stop!

It roars on by, uncaring. Johnson glances nervously into the woods for some sign of Chucky. Nothing...so far.

Then two bright headlights sweep into view from around a corner. Another approaching car. A means of escape...

Suddenly Johnson is startled by a RUSTLING in the woods, the SNAP of a twig. Someone's coming.

Panicked, Johnson rushes out into the middle of the road. He waves his arms frantically at the approaching vehicle, beseeching the driver to stop. More RUSTLING from the woods, closer this time. Gulp.

The car approaches. It's a black-and-white COP CAR. It screeches to a stop before Johnson, headlights blinding him. TWO COPS jump out--one male, one female. Johnson hurries toward them. The Lady Cop reaches toward the boy protectively.

LADY COP
What's wrong? What's the matter?

JOHNSON
Charles is after me!

LADY COP
What?

MALE COP
Who's after you?

JOHNSON
Charles!

Johnson keeps glancing fearfully into the woods.

CONTINUED

140 CONTINUED 140

MALE COP
Slow down, son. What are you doing out here in the middle of the night?

JOHNSON
He wants to take over my soul!

The cops share a skeptical glance.

LADY COP
(noting Johnson's uniform)
Look, he's from Glencoe. Let's just run him back over there.
(taking Johnson by the hand)
Come on, honey. We'll take care of you.

She leads Johnson to the car, opening the passenger-side door for him. Glancing fearfully over his shoulder into the woods, he scampers into the car. Lady Cop climbs in after him. Male Cop climbs behind the wheel and the car roars off into the night...

141 INT. COP CAR - NIGHT 141

Male Cop driving, Lady Cop riding shotgun, Johnson sitting safely in between. The boy is calming now. Lady Cop speaks into the POLICE RADIO:

LADY COP
Dispatch, this is Lincoln eighteen. We found a lost boy and we're running him back home to Glencoe Academy.

DISPATCH
(over radio)
Roger, Lincoln eighteen.

JOHNSON
I'm not lost. I'm running away.

MALE COP
That right? What are you running from?

JOHNSON
From Charles. I thought he was my best friend, but he tricked me.

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED 141

LADY COP
What's your name, honey?

JOHNSON
(saluting)
Ronald Johnson, private first class, ma'am.

The cops share an amused glance. What a cute kid.

LADY COP
(playing along)
At ease, Private.
(soothing)
I know how much it hurts when a friend does something bad to you.

JOHNSON
Yeah, it sure does.

LADY COP
But I bet your friend--what's his name, Charles?--I bet Charles didn't mean it. I bet he's really sorry.

JOHNSON
I don't think so.

Wanting to lift the boy's spirits, Lady Cop reaches into the back seat...

LADY COP
I know what'll cheer you up.

She plops CHUCKY right into Johnson's lap!

LADY COP (CONT'D)
(big smile)
Look what we found a ways back on the road.

Johnson gasps, eyes widening in fear...

142 EXT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 142

The cop car zooms off into the night, whisking its occupants toward a fate which for now, we can only imagine...

143 EXT. FOREST/RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 143

The FULL MOON fills the screen, a silvery orb pregnant with menace. It's SEVERAL MINUTES LATER. PAN DOWN to Andy and De Silva, tearing through the woods in pursuit of Johnson, as they emerge onto the rural road...

...only to see, fifty yards up ahead, the COP CAR lodged in a ditch on the side of the road, headlights shining eerily through the weeds. Johnson emerges from the car, clutching Chucky to his side. Andy calls to him:

ANDY
Johnson!

The boy immediately starts running away.

ANDY (CONT'D)
No!

Johnson and Chucky, spotlighted in the distance by the cop car's glaring headlights, disappear over a rise in the road. Andy and De Silva take off after them.

As they approach the ditched car, they see that two cops are seated in front. Only the backs of their heads are visible. Chatter from the POLICE RADIO breaks the nocturnal silence.

DISPATCH
(over radio)
Lincoln eighteen, come in please.

The cops do not answer, as Andy and De Silva approach the car, getting closer...

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Lincoln eighteen, please acknowledge.

The cops do not answer. Something is very wrong.

Andy and De Silva instinctively slow down as they circle around to the front of the car, none too eager to see what horrors await inside...

As our heroes creep around to the front of the black-and-white, the fate of the two cops is revealed: their eyes are staring sightlessly, their throats savagely cut. Intermittent chatter from the RADIO provides creepy, incongruous accompaniment.

DE SILVA
Oh God.

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED 143

Andy grabs her hand, yanking her away from the hypnotically gruesome sight.

ANDY
Come on.

Aghast, they take off after Johnson, sprinting up the road.

144 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 144

Johnson, holding Chucky close, comes running toward CAMERA through a crowd of happy, fun-loving revellers. A PARKING LOT filled with cars is visible in the BACKGROUND.

As Johnson passes CAMERA, we get a glimpse of Chucky secretly holding the sharp blade of the BOWIE KNIFE against the boy's side. None of the revellers can see this; to the world, Johnson and Chucky appear to be the picture of innocence--a boy and his doll. CAMERA PANS with them...

...revealing that they are running toward the neon-festooned ENTRANCE to the AMUSEMENT PARK. They're swallowed up by the crowds, enveloped by streaking lights and laughter, calliope music and cotton candy.

145 WITH ANDY AND DE SILVA 145

As they come sprinting through the parking lot toward the park, jostling several irate passersby. Andy has hidden his rifle inside a SHOULDER BAG. He and De Silva dash through the entrance.

146 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - MIDWAY - NIGHT 146

Minutes later. A "ROUND-UP" ride spins wildly, a dazzling streak of neon, pinning brave patrons to the wall with the force of .5 Gs as the floor drops out from under them. Their thrilled screams echo across the crowded midway, past the spinning carousels and ferris wheels and the enormous peaks and plunging valleys of the rollercoaster, all flashing in the night with the promise of exhiliration and speed.

Johnson, Chucky's secret hostage, squeezes through the crush of revellers. Suddenly a TRIO of ten-year-old BULLIES accost Johnson:

HEAD BULLY
Hey, look at this. It's a Good Guy.

CONTINUED

146 CONTINUED 146

The Bullies grab at Chucky, mischievously tousling his hair, etc., amidst proclamations of "Excellent!" and "All right!" and "What's your name, dude?" Johnson says nothing. He just watches in fear. The Bullies, of course, misinterpret that fear.

HEAD BULLY
He's excellent. I'll take him.

Johnson says nothing. The Bully grabs Johnson's collar threateningly.

HEAD BULLY (CONT'D)
You hear what I said, geek? Hand 'em over!

Chucky suddenly snarls at the Bullies:

CHUCKY
Fuck off.

Terrified, the Bullies flee into the crowd.

147 WITH ANDY AND DE SILVA 147

As they wend their way through the crowd in search of Johnson.

DE SILVA
We'll never find him in this mess.

Suddenly Andy spots, in the sea of tourists, a GOOD GUY DOLL clutched in the arms of a little boy whose face is turned away.

ANDY
There he is. We got him.

Andy squeezes through the crowd, fighting his way toward the doll. When he reaches it, he knocks it right out of the boy's hands. The doll hits the ground and starts to chatter:

DOLL
Hi! I'm Pauley, and I'm your friend to the end! Hidey-ho, ha-ha-ha!

The little boy turns his alarmed face toward Andy. It isn't Johnson.

BOY
Hey!

CONTINUED

147 CONTINUED 147

His FATHER picks up the doll, hands it back to the kid, and turns to Andy:

FATHER
Watch where you're going!

Andy backs away...and gasps as he bumps into ANOTHER Good Guy doll. He whirls to face the owner: it's NOT Johnson. He backs away...and bumps into YET ANOTHER Good Guy. Then ANOTHER and ANOTHER and ANOTHER...and as CAMERA CRANES above the crowd, we see that Andy and De Silva are SURROUNDED by a sea of GOOD GUYS...DOZENS of them...none

of them carried by Johnson, none of them the doll they're looking for...

Andy and De Silva are caught in the middle of this wave of Good Guys rushing past in the arms of their happy owners, nightmarish blurs of red hair, blue eyes, and those maddeningly chirpy Good Guy voices, the whole scene gradually EXAGGERATED in that insane carnival-from-hell manner, to the accompaniment of frenzied CALLIOPE MUSIC and the mad LAUGHTER of the tourists...

CAMERA CONTINUES TO CRANE above the crowd, finally revealing the source of the dolls: a BOOTH filled with GOOD GUYS FOR SALE. Eager consumers are lined up, happily forking over big bucks to the HUCKSTER. A huge banner screams: "GOOD GUYS-- WE'RE BACK!"

HUCKSTER
Good Guys! Get your Good Guys here!

Andy and De Silva keep scanning the crowd for Johnson. Then a curtain of tourists parts before Andy...revealing Johnson and Chucky, ten yards away! Andy points urgently.

ANDY
Johnson!

Then the curtain closes up again as another wave of revellers surge between Andy and Johnson. Andy and De Silva struggle through the crowd, desperately trying to reach the kid.

148 HOUSE OF HORRORS - WITH JOHNSON AND CHUCKY 148

as Chucky glances about surreptitiously, looking for an escape route; Andy and De Silva are approaching slowly, fighting through the crowd.

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED 148

Chucky spots a nearby attraction--some sort of "ride." Patrons are climbing into automated carts which whisk them inside a dark, cavernous enclosure.

CHUCKY
In there.
(he jabs Johnson with the knife)
Now.

Johnson has no choice but to join the short line of patrons already boarding the waiting buggies.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
We're goin' for a ride.

Just ahead of Johnson, two twelve-year-old boys, BILLY and STEVE, climb into a waiting buggy. The ride's OPERATOR locks down the safety bar.

OPERATOR
(teasing)
Sure you want to ride, guys? Might be too scary for you.

BILLY
Yeah, right.

STEVE
We'll be careful.

They laugh derisively, demonstrating their superiority to the ride. Then they're whisked into the enclosure.

The Operator moves on to the next buggy: he helps Johnson climb aboard.

OPERATOR
All aboard.

Johnson, Chucky's hostage, cannot alert the Operator to his predicament.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
You like to be scared?

JOHNSON
No.

OPERATOR
So what are you doing here?

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED (2) 148

JOHNSON
(nodding to Chucky)
It's his idea.

CHUCKY
(Good Guy voice)
Hey! Wanna play!

The Operator locks down the safety bar.

OPERATOR
Have fun.

As Johnson and Chucky start gliding toward the enclosure, CAMERA CRANES UP to reveal the attraction's facade, designed to resemble a spooky Gothic mansion. A huge sign, with letters that drip blood, proclaim this the "DUNGEON OF DEATH."

149 WITH ANDY AND DE SILVA 149

Squeezing through the crowd, they dash toward the ride, just as Johnson and Chucky are whisked inside.

ANDY
Johnson!

Too late. Johnson and Chucky are gone. Brushing past several patrons waiting in line, Andy and De Silva sprint toward the next available buggy...but the Operator stops them.

OPERATOR
Hey! What do you think you're doing?
(he forces them back)
Get in line.

Our heroes have no choice but to comply: they join the end of the line, nervously awaiting their turn.

150 INT. HALL OF HORRORS - NIGHT 150

DARKNESS...

...until with shocking surprise a SKELETON suddenly pops out at us, shrieking!

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED 150

Lights strobe. Patrons scream. A whole gallery of shrieking skeletons pop out at the people in the gliding buggies.

WITH BILLY AND STEVE--as they laugh hysterically at each jack-in-the-box apparition, debunking them, melodramatically miming terror. They glide on...

...and then JOHNSON AND CHUCKY glide:

150A INTO VIEW IN THEIR BUGGY 150A

as they zip through the darkness, Chucky brandishes the Bowie knife before the terrified boy.

CHUCKY
Here we go, kid. It's playtime!

Chucky reaches his hand toward Johnson's forehead.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Ade due Damballa...

Then with shocking surprise ROWS OF SHARP SPIKES suddenly slice out of the darkness from all directions, each of them just barely missing the buggy, but effectively ensnaring it. Johnson screams. Chucky is distracted for a moment...

...and Johnson seizes the opportunity: as the spikes retract, Johnson back-hands Chucky across the face, knocking him--and the knife--right out of the cart! The knife clatters to the floor.

Johnson scrambles out of the still-gliding buggy, then takes off on foot through the darkness, disappearing inside the bowels of the ride.

CHUCKY
Get back here!

Chucky picks the knife up off the floor. Then he stands...

151 INSERT 151

...just as the lethal SPIKES come slicing out of the darkness again! Caught off guard, Chucky is SPEARED... right THROUGH THE CROTCH! His SCREAM JUMPS SEVERAL OCTAVES as he's skewered to the wall.

The spikes retract. Chucky drops to the floor, clutching his privates, moaning in pain.

152 WITH JOHNSON 152

Stumbling through the darkness, nervously glancing over his shoulder, Johnson can hear muffled screaming and shrieking all around him. Bedlam. He passes a SIGN on the wall without noticing it: "DANGER--REMAIN SEATED--AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

153 WITH BILLY AND STEVE 153

Gliding along, their buggy is suddenly inundated by SWARMS of screeching VAMPIRE BATS! Animatronic ones, of course. Billy and Steve laugh uproariously, grasping at the air, trying to snatch the bats.

In the midst of this shrilly screeching, flapping attack, the buggy glides right up alongside CHUCKY! He's traipsing through the darkness, scowling furiously, brandishing the bowie knife.

Billy points at Chucky and bursts out laughing.

BILLY
Yeah, like I'm really scared!

Billy and Steve laugh hysterically...until Chucky turns to Billy, reaching up and pressing the blade of the bowie knife right to the boy's throat!

CHUCKY
Scared now?

Billy and Steve freeze. Terrified, Billy trembles, staring at Chucky in disbelief, at the knife held to his throat. Chucky is about to slice his throat...

...but then the buggy suddenly lurches around a corner, leaving Chucky behind. Billy and Steve look at each other...and start screaming bloody murder.

154 WITH JOHNSON 154

As he makes his way through the dark, creepy ride on foot. Suddenly, a shrieking RED-HAIRED FIGURE pops out at him! Screaming, Johnson recoils. It's only an animatronic CLOWN.

155 JOHNSON 155

sighs in relief...when suddenly TWO FIGURES pop out at him, SCREAMING! Johnson jumps. It's Billy and Steve, still terrified, huddled together, gliding by in their buggy.

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED 155

Johnson hurries to catch the buggy as it goes zipping by. He tries to climb aboard.

JOHNSON
Wait for me!

It's no use: there just isn't enough room. The buggy zooms off into the darkness; the screams of the boys fade away, leaving Johnson alone.

156 ANGLE 156

Groping blindly in the darkness, Johnson tries to follow the buggy. Suddenly, he TRIPS, falling to the floor. Then without warning, another BUGGY comes rolling toward him, its happily screaming occupants unaware of the boy in their path.

The buggy rolls inexorably toward Johnson. He's going to be run over! At the last second, he manages to scramble out of the way. The buggy zooms past.

Groping through the darkness, Johnson finds an open DOOR. He slips through the door, closing it after him. ONLY WE see the sign posted on the front of the door: "NO EXIT."

157 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DUNGEON OF DEATH - NIGHT 157

Billy and Steve emerge from the tunnel in their buggy, screaming bloody murder, much to the Operator's amusement. The boys leap out of the buggy and run screaming into the night.

OPERATOR
(smiling)
Never fails.

Then the next buggy rolls out of the tunnel, conspicuously empty. Where's the kid? The Operator frowns.

OPERATOR
Shit.

He turns to a fellow employee, who's busy taking tickets from the customers in line.

OPERATOR
Cover for me.

He heads inside the tunnel, on foot.

158 INT. DUNGEON OF DEATH - NIGHT 158

Creeping through the darkness, Johnson is suddenly beseiged by STROBING LIGHTS, creating an eerie SLOW-MOTION EFFECT as a whole gallery of spooks and ghouls pop out of the shadows, emitting a cacophony of BANGS and SHRIEKS.

Then, amid the gallery of strobing apparitions surrounding Johnson, CHUCKY suddenly appears, wielding the knife. Johnson gasps. Then, just as suddenly, Chucky is GONE, no longer standing where he had been a split second before.

Panicked, Johnson glances about. The strobing lights and animatronic appartions confuse him. Then Chucky suddenly appears again, in a completely different spot, CLOSER to Johnson than before. Then he's gone again. Then he appears again, even closer. Then gone again.

Johnson watches the spectacle, terrified. He glances about for some sign of Chucky. He sees only the mechanically popping apparitions, gyrating in SLOW-MOTION in the strobing light.

Johnson gulps. Feeling his way through the darkness, he backs away. Chucky could be anywhere...and then with shocking surprise A HAND clutches Johnson's shoulder! He yelps.

159 ANGLE 159

It's only the ride's Operator. He's pissed at Johnson.

OPERATOR
I ought to kill you.

Then with shocking surprise the strobing lights reveal CHUCKY, standing right next to the Operator, knife upraised in his nightmarishly deformed hand!

CHUCKY
Get in line.

The knife comes plunging down at the Operator's gut in a series of flashing STOP-MOTION FRAMES created by the strobes. The Operator gasps in shock and agony. The animatronic ghouls go on shrieking all about them, as if applauding the murder. Johnson looks on in terror.

The Operator crumples to the floor in SLOW MOTION, dead. Chucky turns to Johnson.

CHUCKY
Your turn.

160 **ANGLE** 160

He raises the knife...which is suddenly SHOT right out of his hand with a BING! Chucky and Johnson turn to see DE SILVA standing several feet away, RIFLE aimed at Chucky. Andy stands beside her.

ANDY
Good shot.

She pulls the trigger again...but she's out of ammo.

DE SILVA
Shit.

She starts to reload. Chucky grabs this opportunity. He retrieves the knife and exhorts Johnson with it.

CHUCKY
Move it.

Johnson has no choice: he and Chucky disappear into the darkness.

161 **EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DUNGEON OF DEATH/MIDWAY - NIGHT** 161

Johnson, carrying Chucky, emerges from the side exit of the Dungeon of Heath. They find themselves back on the crowded midway. Chucky holds the knife so close to Johnson that no one can see it: to the world, they're just a cute picture of innocence--a boy and his doll.

CHUCKY
Move it! Move it!

At Chucky's insistence, Johnson starts making his way through the crowd, AWAY from the Hall of Horrors.

162 **BACK AT THE DUNGEON OF DEATH** 162

Andy and De Silva come bolting out the side exit onto the crowded midway. De Silva hastily conceals the rifle inside the shoulder bag.

ANDY
Where is he?

They scan the crowd, but there are so many people--and so many kids with Good Guy dolls--that it's impossible to single out Johnson. Andy and De Silva start shoving their way through the crowd.

163 ON THE MIDWAY WITH JOHNSON AND CHUCKY 163

As they wend their way through the crowd. Suddenly, from somewhere behind them, they hear De Silva:

DE SILVA
Johnson!

Johnson and Chucky both look to see Andy and De Silva approaching, threading their way through the crowd, like salmon swimming upstream, their progress slow but sure.

Desperate, Chucky glances about. He sees the entrance to a ROLLERCOASTER. A prominent sign proclaims this the "SCREAM MACHINE." At the boarding dock, brave riders are boarding a waiting train.

CHUCKY
(pointing to the rollercoaster)
There!

Johnson has no choice but to head up the ramp toward the rollercoaster. Andy and De Silva continue fighting their way through the crowd.

164 EXT. ROLLERCOASTER - BOARDING DOCK - NIGHT 164

Johnson, carrying Chucky, is in line to board the rollercoaster. But the couple in front of him get the last seats, at the rear of the train. The OPERATOR waves Johnson back.

OPERATOR
Next train, buddy.

Johnson and Chucky must wait. Johnson finds himself standing next to a bespectacled collegiate NERD. Geek gives Johnson a suspicious once-over.

NERD
(pointing)
The merry-go-round is over there, kid.

Johnson says nothing.

165 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - MIDWAY - NIGHT 165

Andy and De Silva break away from the crowd and sprint up the ramp toward the rollercoaster.

166 EXT. ROLLERCOASTER - BOARDING DOCK - NIGHT 166

A new train pulls into the station, disgorging dozens of laughing, wind-swept riders. Then the next group climbs aboard. Johnson, toting Chucky, climbs into the front car.

Nerd takes a seat beside the boy. Chucky sits between them. ONLY WE see the knife that Chucky holds threateningly against Johnson's side.

NERD
First time?

JOHNSON
Huh?

NERD
This your first time on the "machine?"

Johnson nods.

NERD
I thought so. I can always tell.
(proud)
This is seventy-nine for me. I'm going for a world record.

The train starts to roll...

167 WITH ANDY AND DE SILVA 167

As they come racing up the ramp onto the boarding dock. They quickly spot Johnson and Chucky at the front of the train, which is rolling slowly, but picking up steam as it heads out of the boarding dock.

DE SILVA
Johnson!

Andy and De Silva sprint across the boarding dock toward the departing train. The Operator sees that they're going to try to jump into the vacant rear car.

OPERATOR
Hey!

Before he can move to stop them, Andy and De Silva LEAP off the edge of the boarding dock, jumping into the rear car, as the departing train glides on out of the station and zips around a curve...

168 EXT. ROLLERCOASTER - NIGHT - OBJECTIVE SHOT 168

The train pulls out of the station, winds around a curve, then starts CLIMBING UP a very high, very steep hill. The train clackety-clacks as it climbs. Johnson and Chucky are conspicuous in the front car.

169 IN THE FRONT CAR 169

Johnson remains completely still, sitting next to Chucky. Chucky is still playing the dummy. Nerd turns to Johnson.

NERD
Hope you're not scared of heights.
This hill is eighty-eight feet high.

The train clackety-clacks up the hill...

170 IN THE REAR CAR 170

Andy pulls the rifle out of the bag. He turns to hand it to De Silva...but she's holding on for dear life, staring straight ahead, obviously terrified.

ANDY
What's wrong?

DE SILVA
I'm scared of heights.

ANDY
But you've got to kill Chucky.
You're the sharpshooter, not me.

DE SILVA
(terrified)
I'm sorry, Andy. You're going to have to do it.

Taking a deep breath, Andy stands and aims the rifle. He squints, trying to get Chucky in his sights. It's difficult to draw a bead on the doll, way up in the front car, because of the distance, and because of all the passengers riding in between. As soon as Andy gets Chucky in his sights, a head bobs in the way.

ANDY
Shit.

Sweat rolls off Andy's brow. His finger twitches on the trigger of the gun.

Andy squints. Then--bingo. He's got Chucky in his sights. He's about to pull the trigger, when...

171 OBJECTIVE SHOT ON THE TRACKS 171

...the train crests the top of the hill, remains poised there for a momentary eternity...and then starts plunging down the other side! Everybody screams.

172 IN THE REAR CAR 172

Andy is thrown off balance as the train rockets down the hill at seventy miles-per-hour. He falls back in his seat.

173 IN THE FRONT CAR 173

As the train plummets down the hill, gravity takes over and Chucky--and the knife--are thrown to the floor of the car. Nerd throws his arms over his head in total abandon as the train zooms down the hill.

NERD
Wooooo!

Johnson is trembling, holding on for dear life. Nerd goes right on screaming happily...

...until CHUCKY suddenly pops up from the floor, scowling angrily, brandishing the knife! Nerd freaks, now screaming in terror instead of fun. His screams blend in with the screams of the other riders, who of course have no idea what's happening in the front car. Recoiling instinctively, Nerd shoots to his feet...

...just as the train levels out at the bottom of the hill and hurtles toward the narrow--and very low--entrance to a TUNNEL!

Nerd looks up, and for a split second he sees where he's heading. He SCREAMS...

...and then...

174 HIS HEAD 174

IS KNOCKED OFF, his body thrown out of the train! The other passengers get a glimpse of this-- and are treated to a quick splattering of BLOOD across some of their faces. They start SCREAMING hysterically, just as the train plunges into the DARKNESS of the tunnel!

175 INSIDE THE TUNNEL 175

Strobing lights render surreal the terrified faces of the screaming passengers.

CONTINUED

175 CONTINUED 175

We get nightmarish STOP-MOTION images of Johnson, Andy, De Silva, and various innocent bystanders, all screaming in the wake of the decapitation, their SCREAMS ECHOING through the tunnel.

176 BACK OUTSIDE 176

The train rockets out of the tunnel with its load of passengers, SCREAMING in genuine terror.

177 ON THE GROUND 177

Two PASSERSBY watch as the rollercoaster train goes thundering by, with its load of passengers, SCREAMING bloody murder.

BYSTANDER
Must be one hell of a ride.

178 BACK IN THE FRONT CAR 178

Johnson cowers as Chucky scrambles back onto his lap, brandishing the knife. The train careens on down the track. None of the other screaming passengers can see what's happening in the front car.

CHUCKY
This is it, kid. End of the line.

Chucky reaches out, and ceremoniously places his hand on Johnson's forehead.

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Ade due Damballa...give me the power
I beg of you!

179 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT 179

Dark clouds suddenly begin to roil above the park--specifically, over the rollercoaster. THUNDER booms and lightning flashes, sending jagged, angry bolts of electricity sparking down at the rollercoaster tracks.

180 EXT. ROLLERCOASTER - NIGHT - IN THE FRONT CAR 180

Johnson is powerless, trapped in the rocketing rollercoaster, as Chucky continues the chant, and the magical STORM continues to rage overhead:

CONTINUED

180 CONTINUED 180

CHUCKY (CONT'D)
Leveau mercier du bois chaloitte, secoisse entienne mais pois de morte!

181 OBJECTIVE SHOT ON THE TRACKS 181

As the train thunders through a series of twists and turns, the dark roiling clouds overhead shoot thin, jagged LIGHTNING BOLTS down onto the tracks, sparking on metal, igniting tiny flash fires, scaring the riders to death! They scream helplessly...

182 IN THE REAR CAR 182

Andy bolts to his feet.

ANDY
He's started the chant!

He takes aim with the rifle again, as the train winds into a CURVE up ahead, allowing Andy to briefly SEE CHUCKY on Johnson's lap in the front car. He FIRES...

...just as the train thunders through another curve. Andy's shot goes astray. The train straightens out; Andy can no longer see Chucky.

183 IN THE FRONT CAR 183

Chucky chants. Johnson quakes. The STORM rages.

CHUCKY
Leveau mercier du bois chailotte, secoisse entienne mais pois de morte!

Suddenly the train banks through another steep curve, throwing Chucky off Johnson's lap and onto the seat.

Johnson seizes the opportunity: he turns and starts CLIMBING over the seat into the NEXT CAR! At seventy miles-per-hour, it's a dangerous stunt. The passengers in the second are panicked by this crazy kid.

PASSENGER
What the hell are you doing?

Climbing over the back of the car, Johnson KICKS Chucky off the seat and onto the floor. None of the other passengers can see this.

CONTINUED

183 CONTINUED 183

Johnson continues to climb...but then the train zooms into another steep CURVE, nearly sending Johnson flying out of the car. The passengers in the second car scream. Johnson manages to hold on for dear life, poised between the two cars, as the train rockets along.

184 IN THE REAR CAR 184

Andy and De Silva are terrified to see what Johnson is doing.

DE SILVA
Oh my God.

She looks like she's going to be sick.

185 OBJECTIVE SHOT ON THE TRACKS 185

As the train thunders past, we see Johnson trying to climb from car to car, holding on for dear life. The STORM rages overhead. Lightning bolts shoot onto the tracks.

186 WITH JOHNSON 186

As the train rockets through sharp curves, the g-forces send him sprawling back into the front car. He finds himself lying across the length of the seat...

Then with shocking surprise CHUCKY pops into view right over him, popping up from the floor, wielding the knife! He continues the chant...

CHUCKY
Leveau mercier du bois chaloitte...

187 IN THE REAR CAR 187

The train thunders through a curve; Andy can briefly see Chucky again. He takes aim...

ANDY
Please, don't let me miss...

He's got Chucky in his sights...Andy pulls the trigger...BOOM!

188 IN THE FRONT CAR 188

Chucky is knocked off his feet, hit right in the chest, sent flying back onto the floor of the car!

Johnson is about to start climbing backward again, from car to car...

...but then Chucky pops back into view! He takes a licking and keeps on ticking.

189 IN THE REAR CAR 189

Andy looks to see where the train is headed: into a 360-degree LOOP.

ANDY
Oh my God.
(to Johnson)
Johnson, hold on!

Johnson, at this moment climbing over the back of the car, turns to see the upcoming loop. He holds on...

...just as the train goes screaming through the loop...

...sending Chucky, who's still climbing back, FALLING OUT OF THE TRAIN!

The train comes screaming down through the bottom of the loop...

...and with shocking surprise...

190 CHUCKY 190

FALLS back into the train, right next to Johnson! Johnson screams. Chucky raises the knife...

...and suddenly BOOM! A GUNSHOT blows Chucky away, sending him flying out of the train, plummeting down onto another part of the rollercoaster track!

We see now that Andy is wielding the rifle, having just successfully blown the killer doll away.

191 ON THE TRACK - CHUCKY 191

bleeding copiously, lies on the track. He wearily sits up...

...just as the TRAIN comes rocketing around a corner at him! We take

192 THE TRAIN'S POV 192

rocketing toward Chucky, who turns, sees what's coming, and screams...

...the train smashes into Chucky, launcing him into the air with incredible velocity. He goes zooming backward against a nearby brick wall...

...and DISINTEGRATES aginst the wall like a snowball, an explosion of plastic and blood!

193 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT 193

Andy, De Silva, and Johnson are wearily making their way down the midway. De Silva pauses, turns away...and we hear the sound of her throwing up.

Then she turns back to face the guys. Andy tenderly holds her arm.

ANDY
You okay?

DE SILVA
Yeah.
(to Johnson)
How about you?

JOHNSON
Yeah. Thanks for coming after me.

Then Johnson tugs at De Silva's arm.

JOHNSON
(pointing to the ferris wheel)
Hey, can we go on that now?

De Silva rolls her eyes. Andy laughs.

JOHNSON
I'm hungry. Can we get some cotton candy?

Johnson keeps pestering them, gesticulating at the wondrous sights of the amusement park all around them, neon and laughter in the night, as the trio makes their way down the festive midway.

FADE OUT